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A READER
FOR THE
FOURTH GRADE

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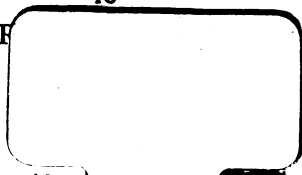
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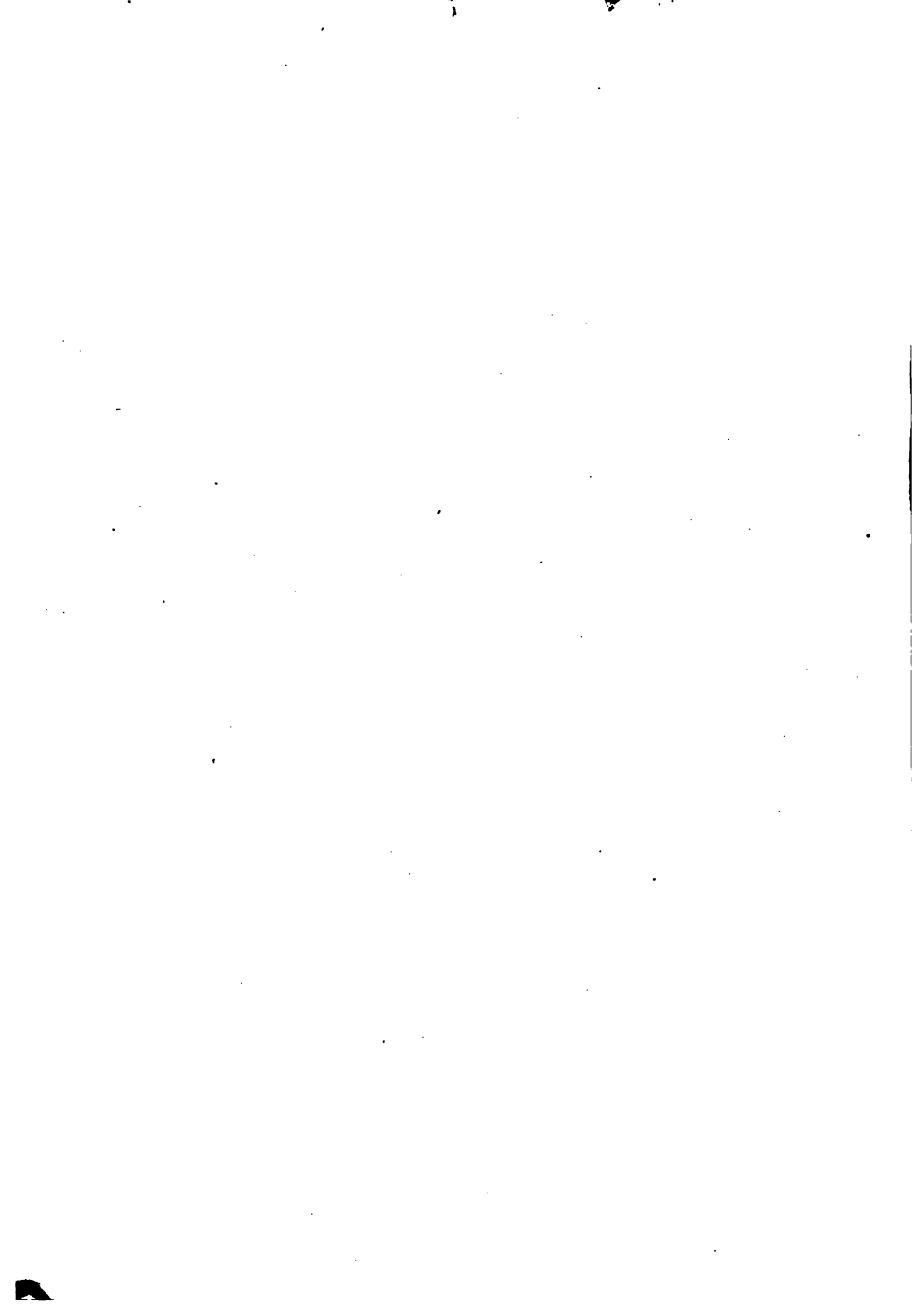
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A READER FOR THE FOURTH GRADE

BY

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AND

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PREFACE

In the Fourth Reader of this series, children are introduced to the great realm of real literature. In the earlier books the foundations for this advance were carefully laid.

One at a time, each phase of child development has been recognized and emphasized. The varied activities, games and pets; nature, fairy tales, and adventure; fable, primitive fiction, and rhyme;—all these in rich abundance have helped to furnish a vocabulary and a margin of intellectual and moral resources. In the earlier Readers the authors have also aimed to secure a mastery of phonic elements, and an ability to recognize words.

With this foundation the average pupil ought to read fluently any English prose that is expressed in reasonably simple words. Fortunately, many English-speaking authors of the highest class have devoted their best energies to writing for children. From this great literary output have been chosen, with care, most of the selections for the Fourth Reader. Many of these selections have not before appeared in school readers. Some old favorites have been repeated.

This is not, however, strictly a literary reader. It aims to maintain a very high literary standard; it is the product, almost entirely, of writers of the first class; but it is compiled for children and the authors have aimed to minister, still, to their best instincts, impulses and tastes. A purely literary reader must ignore many of these fundamental considerations, and may become and often is, a literary monstrosity.

This is a graded reader, but that does not mean that all the selec-

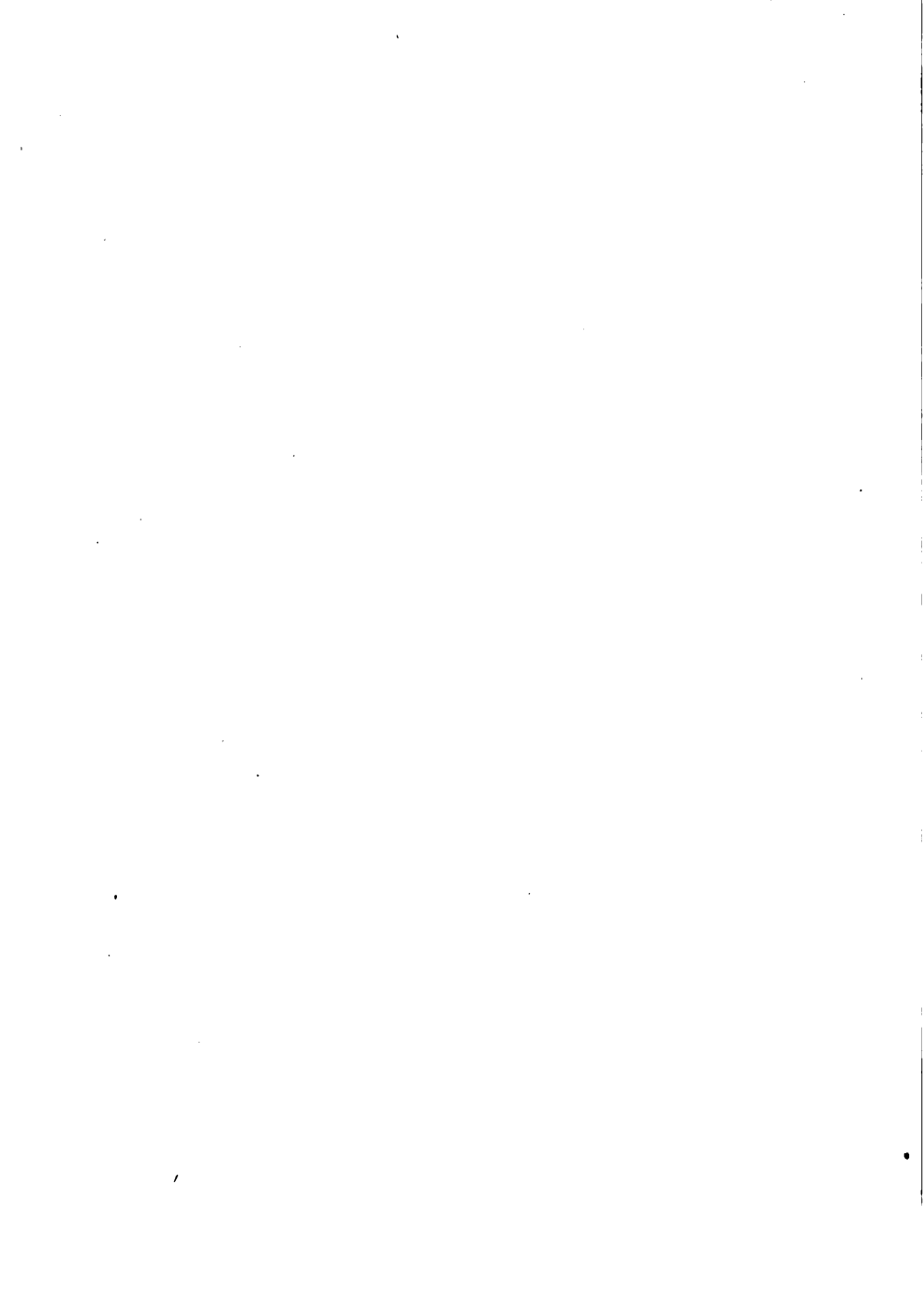
tions are of equal difficulty. Children are not all equally advanced, as readers. The authors recognize a maximum and minimum of difficulty in the choice of selections, but they deliberately make it possible for the teacher to use a selection presenting more or fewer mechanical obstacles. The selections are, however, all interesting.

There are several longer literary units suited to continuous study, and many are shorter, to be read as one lesson. No effort has been made to classify or to organize knowledge in encyclopedic form. The authors have recognized the cravings and present intellectual capacity of children and have sought to meet these demands by choosing representative selections from many well known authors and from many familiar fields of knowledge.

For the use of copyright material in this Reader the authors take pleasure in acknowledging their indebtedness to the following: Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons for "Who Wrote the Arabian Nights?" by Donald G. Mitchell, from "About Old Story Tellers"; "The Moon," by Robert Louis Stevenson, from "A Child's Garden of Verses"; A Japanese Lullaby," by Eugene Field from "A Little Book of Western Verse" (Copyright, 1889, by Eugene Field); "The Night Wind," by Eugene Field, from "Love Songs of Childhood" (Copyright, 1894, by Eugene Field); Messrs. D. C. Heath and Company for "The Punishment of Arachne" and "A Musical Contest of Long Ago," by Grace Kupfer, from "Stories of Long Ago" (Copyright, 1897, by D. C. Heath and Company); "The Policemen and What They Are For," by Charles F. Dole from "The Young Citizen"; Houghton, Mifflin Company for "The Longest Day of My Life," by Helen Dawes Brown, from "Little Miss Phoebe Gay" (Copyright, 1895, by Helen Dawes Brown); "Bergetta's Misfortunes," by Celia Thaxter; "St. Launomar's Cow," by Abbie Farwell Brown; "The Fountain," by James Russell Lowell; "The Light-house," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company for "The Marvellous Adventures of Pinocchio," from

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THE AUTHORS.



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A READER FOR THE FOURTH GRADE

THE HARDY TIN SOLDIER

PART I

There were once five and twenty tin soldiers; they were all brothers, for they had all been born of one old tin spoon. They shouldered their muskets, and looked straight before them. Their uniform was red and blue, and very splendid. The first thing they had heard in the world, when the lid was taken off their box, had been the words, "Tin soldiers!"

These words were uttered by a little boy, clapping his hands: the soldiers had been given to him, for it was his birthday; and now he put them upon the table. Each soldier was exactly like the rest; but one of them had been cast last of all, and there had not been tin enough to finish him. Yet he stood as firmly on his one leg as the others on their two; and it was just this soldier who became remarkable.

On the table on which they had been placed stood many other playthings, but the toy which attracted most attention was a neat castle of cardboard.

Through the little windows one could see straight into the hall. Before the castle some little trees were placed round a looking-glass, which was to represent a clear lake. Waxen swans swam on this lake, and were mirrored in it.

This was all very pretty; but the prettiest of all was a little lady, who stood at the open door of the castle; she also was cut out in paper, but she had a dress of the clearest gauze, and a little narrow blue ribbon over her shoulders, that looked like a scarf. In the middle of this ribbon was a shining tinsel rose as big as her whole face. The little lady stretched out both her arms, for she was a dancer; and she lifted one leg so high that the Tin Soldier could not see it at all, and thought that, like himself, she had but one leg.

"That would be the wife for me," thought he; "but she is very grand. She lives in a castle, while I have only a box, and there are five and twenty of us in that. It is no place for her. But I must make her acquaintance."

And there he stood behind a snuff-box which was on the table whence he could easily watch the dainty little lady, who continued to stand upon one leg without losing her balance.

When evening came, all the other tin soldiers were put into their box, and the people in the house went to bed. Now the toys began to play at "visit-

ing,” and at “war,” and at “giving balls.” The tin soldiers rattled in their box, for they wanted to join, but could not lift the lid. The nutcracker threw somersaults, and the pencil amused itself on the table. There



was so much noise that the canary woke up, and began to speak too, and even in verse.

The only two who did not stir from their places were the Tin Soldier and the Dancing Lady. She stood straight up on the point of one of her toes, and stretched out both her arms; and he was just as enduring on his one leg; and he never turned his eyes away from her.

Now the clock struck twelve, and, bounce! the lid flew off the snuff-box; but there was no snuff in it, but a little black Goblin. You see, it was a trick.

“Tin Soldier!” said the Goblin, “don’t stare at things that don’t concern you.”

But the Tin Soldier pretended not to hear him.

"Just you wait till to-morrow!" said the Goblin.

When the morning came, and the children got up, the Tin Soldier was placed in the window; and whether it was the draught or the Goblin that did it, all at once the window flew open, and the Soldier fell head over heels out of the third story. That was a terrible fall! He put his leg straight up, and struck with helmet downward and his bayonet between the paving-stones.

The servant-maid and the little boy came down directly to look for him, but though they almost trod upon him, they could not see him. If the Soldier had cried out "Here I am!" they would have found him; but he did not think it fitting to call out loudly, because he was in uniform.

Now it began to rain; the drops soon fell thicker, and at last the rain came down in a complete stream. When the rain was past, two street boys came by.

"Just look!" said one of them, "there lies a Tin Soldier. He must come out and ride in a boat."

And they made a boat out of a newspaper, and put the Tin Soldier into the middle of it, and so he sailed down the gutter, and the two boys ran beside him and clapped their hands. Goodness preserve us! How the waves rose in that gutter, and how fast the stream ran! But then it had been a heavy rain.

The paper boat rocked up and down, and some-

times turned around so rapidly that the Tin Soldier trembled; but he remained firm, and never changed countenance, but looked straight before him, and shouldered his musket.

bay'onet: a sharp, pointed rod fastened to the end of a soldier's gun, with which he can stab the enemy.—**never changed countenance:** that is, the expression of his face did not change, he did not look frightened.

THE HARDY TIN SOLDIER

PART II

All at once the boat went into a long drain, and it became as dark as if he had been in his box.

"Where am I going now?" he thought. "Yes, yes, that's the Goblin's fault. Ah! if the little lady only sat here with me in this boat, it might be twice as dark for all I should care."

Suddenly there came a great Water Rat, which lived under the drain.

"Have you a passport?" said the Rat. "Give me your passport."

But the tin soldier kept silence and held his musket tighter than ever. The boat went on, but the Rat came after it. Hu! how he gnashed his teeth, and called out to the bits of straw and wood.

"Hold him! hold him! He hasn't paid toll, he hasn't shown his passport!"

But the stream became stronger and stronger. The Tin Soldier could see the bright day-light where the arch ended; but he heard a roaring noise, which might well frighten a bolder man. Only think, just where the tunnel ended, the drain ran into a canal; and for him to be carried into that, would be as dangerous as for us to be carried down a great waterfall.

Now he was already so near it that he could not stop. The boat was carried out, the poor Tin Soldier stiffening himself as much as he could, and no one could say that he moved an eyelid. The boat whirled round three or four times, and was full of water to the very edge. Then it began to sink.

The Tin Soldier stood up to his neck in the water, and the boat sank deeper and deeper, and the paper was loosened more and more; and now the water closed over the soldier's head. Then he thought of the pretty little dancer, and how he should never see her again and it sounded in the Soldier's ears:

Farewell, farewell, thou warrior brave,
For this day thou must die!

And now the paper parted, and the Tin Soldier fell out; but at that moment he was snapped up by a great fish.

Oh, how dark it was in that fish's body! It was darker even than in the drain tunnel; and then it was very narrow too. But the Tin Soldier re-

mained unmoved, and lay at full length shouldering his musket.

The fish swam to and fro, making the most wonderful movements, and then became quite still. At last something flashed through him like lightning. The daylight shone quite clear, and a voice said aloud, "The Tin Soldier!"

The fish had been caught, carried to market, bought, and taken into the kitchen, where the cook had cut him



open with a large knife. She seized the Soldier around the body with both her hands and carried him upstairs, where all were anxious to see the remarkable man who had traveled about inside of a fish; but the Tin Soldier was not at all proud.

They placed him on the table, and there he was in the very room which he had seen before! He saw the same children, and the same toys stood on the table, and the same pretty castle with the graceful little dancer. She was still balancing herself on one leg, and held the other extended in the air. The Tin Soldier looked at her, but they said nothing to each other.

Then one of the little boys took the Tin Soldier and flung him into the stove. He gave no reason for doing this. It must have been the fault of the Goblin in the snuff-box.

The Tin Soldier stood there quite illuminated, and felt a heat that was terrible; but whether this heat proceeded from the real fire or from love he did not know. The colors had quite gone off from him; but whether that had happened on the journey, or had been caused by grief, no one could say. He looked at the little lady, she looked at him, and he felt that he was melting; but he still stood firm, shouldering his musket.

Then suddenly the door flew open, and the draught of air caught the Dancer, and she flew like a sylph just into the stove to the Tin Soldier, and flashed up in flame, and she was gone. Then the Tin Soldier melted down into a lump; and when the servant-maid took the ashes out next day, she found him in the shape of a little tin heart. But of the Dancer nothing remained but the tinsel rose, and that was burned as black as a coal.

—HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN (*Adapted*).

drain: a large pipe through which waste water runs.—**to pay toll**: to pay money for the privilege of passing over a road or bridge.—**illu'minated**: lighted.—**sylph** (self): an imaginary being, a fairy.

CAPTAIN WOODCOCK

"Hush! Look, Peter! Oh, do see what is coming!" whispered Geraldine. "That must be Captain Woodcock."

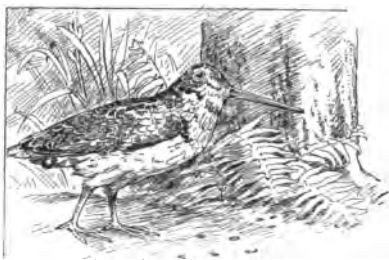
A short bird with a very long bill, spotted brown feathers, and light chestnut-colored breast, was walking slowly toward the children.

Over the damp sod and over the mossy ground of the forest marched the bird. His head was bent and his pale yellow breast thrust out. His wings were neatly folded, and he looked like a plump little gentleman walking with hands clasped behind him.

"What beautiful eyes!" whispered Geraldine, "Oh, Peter! did you ever see such large, dark eyes?"

The bird's eyes were really beautiful, and set very high; his legs were short and shapely; his trim little tail had four tiny, snowy tips.

At times the children almost lost sight of the bird, because his brown feathers matched the dry leaves so well. Once, when the shadow of a large bird swept across the forest, the bird flattened himself and seemed to disappear entirely from the eyes of the children. For a full minute they kept looking toward the spot where the bird had but a moment before been standing. At last Geraldine found him, and pointed.



There was the bird, hardly to be told from the dry leaves and sticks among which he lay. His body was flattened; and his long, slim bill pointed straight in front of him.

“Has that hawk gone?” asked the Woodcock.

Peter looked up to the sky and saw the hawk flying far away over the blue woods.

“What a wonderful hider you are!” said Peter, looking in vain for the bird again. “The hawk is gone. Won’t you please stand up so that I can see you?”

The Woodcock rose on his short legs and turned his dark eyes on the children.

“Why did Molly Mole call you Captain Woodcock?” asked Peter. “If you are a captain you ought not to hide from an enemy.”

“Peter,” said the Woodcock, “that was not hiding, that was strategy. Strategy is the soldier’s word for puzzling his enemy. I hid from that blue hawk; it puzzled the hawk; my strategy was a success. Why should I not be called Captain?”

And the plump little bird walked to the edge of the spring. He looked over the rich, dark soil; then he slowly plunged his long bill into the mud, and drew up something, which he quickly swallowed.

"What did you do that for?" asked Peter.

"I was boring in the mud for my luncheon," replied the bird. "The wet ground around the spring was a great feeding ground before that mousy old mole came poking around here, and ate up the biggest and juiciest worms."

"Are mud worms the only food you have, you poor little bird?" asked Geraldine.

"Do you know of any better sort of food?" asked the Woodcock. "Isn't that the reason you children come here, to dig for juicy worms for your luncheon?"

"Goodness, no!" gasped Geraldine, "We don't eat worms!"

The Woodcock plunged his bill into the mud three or four times, and then moved on, doing the same thing again and again, until the damp earth was filled with little round holes.

"That's what sportsmen call 'billings' or 'borings,'" said the bird proudly, stopping to look at his work. "When hunters see a lot of little round holes along moist strips of ground, they grow excited and say to each other, 'Woodcock! Look sharp!' and then they whistle their dogs forward. Oh, I know



all about it! Many a gun has been fired at me, just too late, as I dodged behind a nice, tall alder bush."

"I'm sorry," said Geraldine, "you have to face so many dangers, and be hunted so often."

The bird drew himself up straight and thrust out his plump chest.

"I am a soldier," he said; "I expect to face danger like all soldiers. I am a traveler; I take life as I find it!"

"Where do you travel?" asked Peter.

"From Canada to Louisiana; that is my route. My wife and I nest in early spring, anywhere from Labrador as far south as the United States extends. We build a plain, well-made nest on the ground in an alder or willow thicket, and during that time I forget the cares of a soldier. I flutter up, high up, in the calm evening air, and I sing very prettily. Then I do tricks in the air. I sail. I pretend to fall. I tumble about as though somebody had shot me. Then I straighten myself on my broad, short wings, and go flying off to see how my wife liked the fun."

"And how does she like it?" asked Geraldine.

"Always charmed, you may be sure. As a matter of fact everybody seems to be charmed with me. We Woodcocks know that people are always talking about our habits. I know they think my bill wonderful because it has a hinge in the middle. You see, I poke my bill into the mud; but as soon as I feel

a worm I can open my bill from the middle and seize the worm and drag it out. I know, too, that sportsmen are forever wondering how I make my famous twitter."

"How do you?" asked Peter.

"Aha!" said the Woodcock slyly, "I'm not going to tell. Let them wonder. Some say it is the shrill noise produced by the fanning of my wings when I whip up, startled; some say it is a song. I'll do it and let you guess how it is done. Now for the famous 'twitter!' Count three for me, Geraldine."

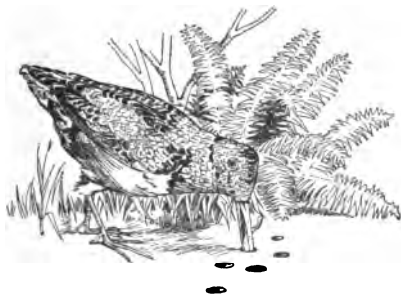
"One," began Geraldine, holding up a slim finger, "two, three!"

At the word "three!" the Woodcock rose with a soft, feathery, whirring noise, and sent a shower of sweet twittering notes through the forest.

"Why, it's like the whistling sound of a hovering pigeon; he did it with his wings!" said Peter.

"Oh, no, Peter, he certainly twittered like any bird, with his beak!" said Geraldine.

—ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.



THE FAIRIES

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home:
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray,
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkil he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses:—

Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

—WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

Columbkil: kól'üm-kill.—**Slieveleague**: slēv'lēg.—**northern lights**: streams of light which sometimes appear in the northern sky at night.—**craggy**: rocky.

BROWNIE AND THE COOK

PART I

There was once a little Brownie, and where do you think he lived? In a coal-cellar.

Now a coal-cellar may seem a curious place to choose for a home; but then a Brownie is a curious creature. He is a fairy, and yet not one of that sort of fairies who fly about and dance in the moonlight. He is a little old man, about a foot high, all dressed in brown, with a brown face and hands and a brown peaked cap, just the color of a brown mouse. Like a mouse, he hides in corners, especially kitchen corners; and only comes out after dark when nobody is about, and so sometimes people call him Mr. Nobody.

I never saw him and never knew anybody that did; but if you were to go into Devonshire you would hear many funny stories about Brownies in general, and so I may as well tell you the adventures of this particular Brownie. He belonged to a family there and had followed them from house to house, most faithfully, for years and years.

A good many people had heard him, or supposed they had, when there were strange noises about the house. But no one had ever seen him except the children, the three little boys and three little girls, who declared he often came to play with them when they were

alone, and was the nicest companion in the world. He was full of fun and mischief but never did any one any harm unless it was deserved.

Brownie was supposed to live under one particular coal in the darkest corner of the cellar which was never allowed to be disturbed. Why he had chosen it nobody knew, and how he lived there, nobody knew either, nor what he ate. But ever since the family could remember, there had always been a bowl of milk put behind the coal-cellar door for the Brownie's supper. Perhaps he drank it, and perhaps he did not. Anyhow, the bowl was always found empty next morning.

The old Cook, who had lived all her life in the family had never once forgotten to give Brownie his supper. But at last she died and a young Cook came in her place who was forgetful. She was careless and lazy, also, and did not like to take the trouble to put a bowl of milk in the same place every night for Mr. Nobody. She did not believe in Brownies, she said. She had never seen one and "seeing is believing." So she laughed at the other servants, who looked very grave; and they put the bowl of milk in its place as often as they could, without saying much about it.

But once, when Brownie woke up and looked round in search of his supper, he found nothing there. At first he could not imagine such neglect, and went smelling about for his bowl of milk, but in vain.

"This will never do," said he; and, being very

hungry, began running about the coal-cellar to see what he could find. His eyes were as useful in the dark as in the light, like a pussy-cat's; but there was nothing to be seen, not even a potato paring, or a dry crust, or a well-gnawed bone, such as Tiny the terrier sometimes brought into the coal-cellar and left on the floor. There was nothing but heaps of coal and coal-dust, and even a Brownie can not eat that, you know.

"I can't stand this, it is quite impossible!" said the Brownie, tightening his belt to make him feel less empty. He had been asleep so long that he seemed ready to eat his own head, or his boots, or any thing.

"What is to be done? Since nobody brings my supper, I must go and fetch it."

There was not even a cricket singing in the silent house when Brownie put his head out of his coal-cellar door, which, to his surprise, he found open. The old Cook locked it every night but the young Cook had left that key and the kitchen and pantry keys, too, all dangling in the lock, so that any thief might have got in, and wandered all over the house without being found out.

"Hurrah, here's luck!" cried Brownie, tossing his cap up in the air and bounding into the kitchen. It was quite empty, but there was a good fire burning itself out just for its own amusement. The remains of a fine supper were spread on the table, and enough for half a dozen people was there.

Brownie screwed up his little old face, turned up his button of a nose and gave a long whistle. You might not believe it, seeing he lived in a coal-cellar; but really he liked tidiness and always played his pranks upon disorderly or untidy people.



“Whew!” said he, “here’s a chance. What a supper I shall get now!”

He jumped up on a chair and then to the table, but so quietly, that Muff, the large black cat with four white paws, who sat dozing in front of the fire, just opened one eye and went to sleep again. She had tried to get her nose into the milk-jug, but it was too small; and the junket-dish was too deep for her to reach, except with one paw. She did not care much for bread and cheese and apple pudding, and was very well fed besides. So, after just wandering round the table, she had jumped down from it again, and settled herself to sleep on the hearth.

But Brownie had no notion of going to sleep. He wanted his supper, and oh! what a supper he had! He

ate first one thing and then another, and then tried everything all over again. And oh! what a lot he drank! First he drank milk and then he drank cider, and then mixed the two together in a way that would have disagreed with anybody except a Brownie. As it was, he had to loosen his belt several times and at last took it off altogether. Nothing seemed to disagree with him; and after he had nearly cleared the table he was as lively as ever, and began jumping about on the table as if he had had no supper at all.

Now his jumping was a little awkward, for there happened to be a clean white tablecloth on the table. As this was only Monday, it had had no time to get dirty, untidy as the Cook was. You know Brownie lived in a coal-cellar, and his feet were black with running about in coal dust. So wherever he trod, he left his footprint, until at last the whole tablecloth was covered with black marks.

He did not mind this in the least. In fact, he took great pains to make the cloth as dirty as possible; and then laughing loudly, he leaped down upon the hearth and began to tease the cat. He squeaked like a mouse, or chirped like a cricket, or buzzed like a fly; and altogether disturbed poor Pussy's mind so much, that she went and hid herself in the farthest corner, and left him the hearth all to himself, where he lay at ease till daybreak.

Then, hearing a noise overhead, which might be the

servants getting up, he jumped up on the table again and gobbled up the few remaining crumbs for his breakfast. Then he scampered off to his coal-cellar, where he hid himself under the big coal, and fell asleep for the day.

Devonshire (dĕv'ŭn shĭr): a part of England.

BROWNIE AND THE COOK

PART II

The Cook came down stairs earlier than usual for she remembered she had to clear off the remains of supper; but lo and behold, there was nothing left to clear! Every bit of food was eaten. The cheese looked as if a dozen mice had been nibbling at it, and nibbled it down to the very rind. The milk and cider were all gone, and mice do not drink milk and cider, you know. The dish that held the apple pudding was licked as clean as if Boxer, the yard-dog, had been at it in his hungriest mood.

"And my white tablecloth, oh, my clean white tablecloth! What can have been done to it?" cried she, in amazement. For it was covered with little black footmarks, just the size of a baby's foot, only babies don't wear shoes with nails in them, and don't run about and climb on kitchen tables after all the family have gone to bed.

Cook was a little frightened; but her fright changed to anger when she saw the large black cat stretched out on the hearth. Poor Muff had crept there for a little snooze after Brownie went away.

"You bad cat! I see it all now. It is you that have eaten up all the supper! And you have been on my clean tablecloth with your dirty paws!"

They were white paws, and very clean; but Cook never thought of that; any more than she remembered that cats don't usually drink cider or eat apple pudding.

"I'll teach you to come stealing food in this way. Take that, and that, and that!"

Cook beat poor Pussy with a broom till the creature ran mewling away. She could not speak, you know, poor cat! She could not tell people that it was Brownie who had done it all.

Next night Cook thought she would make all safe and sure. So, instead of letting the cat sleep by the fire, she shut her up in the chilly coal-cellar, locked the door, put the key in her pocket and went off to bed, leaving the supper as before.

When Brownie woke up and looked out of his hole there was, as usual, no supper for him and the cellar was close shut. He looked about to try and find some crack under the door through which he could creep, but there was none. He felt so hungry that he could almost have eaten the cat only she was alive and he

could not well eat her alive. Besides, he knew she was old and had an idea she might be tough; so he merely said politely, "How do you do, Mrs. Pussy?" to which she answered nothing, of course.

Something must be done, and luckily a Brownie can do things which nobody else can do. So he thought he would change himself into a mouse, and gnaw a hole through the door. But then he remembered the cat who might eat him. So he thought it best to wait till she was fast asleep, which did not happen for a good while. At length, quite tired with walking about, Pussy turned round on her tail six times, curled down in a corner and fell fast asleep.

Then Brownie changed himself into a little mouse and taking care not to make the least noise, gnawed a hole in the door and squeezed himself through. When he was once in the kitchen he changed into his proper shape again.

The kitchen fire was very low; but it showed a better supper than even last night, for the Cook had had friends with her, a brother and two cousins, and they had been very merry. The food they had left behind was enough for three Brownies at least, but this one managed to eat it all.

Only once, in trying to cut a great slice of beef he let the carving knife and fork fall with such a clatter that Tiny the terrior, who was tied up at the foot of the stairs, began to bark loudly. But he brought her

her puppy which had been left in a basket in a corner of the kitchen, and this quieted her.

After that he enjoyed himself very much and made more marks than ever on the white tablecloth.

Then, hearing the clock strike five, he thought it as well to turn into a mouse again and creep back into his cellar. He was only just in time, for Muff opened one eye and was just going to pounce upon him when he changed himself back into a Brownie. She was so startled that she bounded away, her tail growing to twice its natural size and her eyes gleaming like round green globes.

When Cook came downstairs and saw that the same thing had happened again she was greatly puzzled. Who could have done it all? Not the cat, who came mewling out of the coal-cellar the minute she unlocked the door. It might have been a rat; but then would a rat have come within reach of Tiny?

"It must have been Tiny herself, or her puppy." Just then the puppy came rolling out of its basket over Cook's feet. "You little wretch!" cried Cook. "You and your mother are a nuisance. I'll punish you!"

And forgetting that Tiny had been safely tied up all night, and that her poor little puppy was so fat and helpless it could scarcely stand on its legs, she gave them both such a thrashing that they ran howling together out of the kitchen door, where the kind little kitchenmaid took them up in her arms.

"You ought to have beaten the Brownie, if you could catch him," said she, in a whisper. "He will do it again and again, you will see, for he can't bear an untidy kitchen. You had better do as poor old Cook did, and clear the supper things away, and put the odds and ends safe in the pantry, and if I were you, I would put a bowl of milk behind the coal-cellar door."

"Nonsense!" answered the Young Cook, and walked away. But afterward she thought better of it, and did as she was advised, grumbling all the time, but doing it.

Next morning the milk was gone! Perhaps Brownie had drunk it up, anyhow nobody could say that he had not. As for the supper, Cook having safely laid it on the shelves of the pantry, nobody touched it. And the tablecloth, which was wrapped up tidily and put in the dresser drawer, came out as clean as ever, with not a single black footmark upon it. No mischief being done, the cat and the dog both escaped a beating, and Brownie played no more tricks with anybody, till the next time!

—DINAH MULOCK CRAIK (*Adapted*).



THE GIANT SUN

"If you are not very tired, sister," said Harry coaxingly, "I should like to know how large the sun is. Is it as large as the earth?"

"Ever so much larger," replied Mary. "It is so large that if it were cut up into a million parts, each part would be larger than the earth. If we could weigh the sun in a pair of giant scales, it would take over three hundred thousand globes as heavy as the earth to make the scales even. If the sun were hollowed out, and the earth placed in the center, there would be room for the moon as well. Now the moon is thousands of miles from the earth, and yet the edge of the sun would be thousands of miles from the moon.

"If a tunnel could be made through the center of the sun, and a train started going at the rate of a mile a minute, it would take six hundred days for the train to reach the other side of the tunnel. If this same train went around the edge of the sun it would take five years. A train going around the earth would take seventeen days to complete the journey."

"But suppose we went around the sun in a big steamer, like the one Uncle Robert came over in; how long would that take?" asked Harry curiously.

"Only fifteen years," said his sister, laughing. "If you had started when you were a little baby you would

still have five more years to travel before you would get back again to the starting point."

"Then the sun must be very large," said Harry thoughtfully. "Let us call it Giant Sun. Has it always been as large as it is now?"

"Ever so much larger," replied Mary.

"Once upon a time it was a ball of glowing gas reaching as far as the path of the last planet. The ball whirled around rapidly and the outer edge cooled. A ring formed and separated from the ball and whirled around on its own account, until it broke up into fragments.

"One of the fragments drew all the others toward it, and another ball was formed, but quite a small ball this time, called a planet. Just like the central ball, the planet kept whirling around, threw off a ring, the ring broke up into little pieces, and the pieces coming together, made a little moon. The planet is Neptune, and it still has only one moon. Meanwhile, the ball in the center kept whirling around, other rings formed other planets with their moons, thus completing the family of Giant Sun.

"The Sun is in the center and his planets circle around him. Next to him is playful little Mercury, then beautiful Venus, then our own planet Earth. Beyond it, we find ruddy Mars, the four hundred and fifty baby planets, giant planet Jupiter, the ringed planet Saturn, and the last two planets, Uranus and Neptune.

All these planets are under the control of the sun, and cannot get away from him."

"What is the sun made of?" asked Harry.

"Of iron and copper and silver, and many other things that we can find on earth; but the sun is so hot that they are melted together into a mass like glue. This is the center of the sun. Outside is a shell of bright clouds, from which rosy flames leap to a height of thousands of miles above the surface of the sun. All around the edge of the sun, and reaching millions of miles beyond it, is the pearly light of the corona like a crown of glory. The pearly corona fades away into a soft beam of light."

"How beautiful the sun must be!" said Harry, as he listened attentively to his sister. "But is it all alone in the sky, and does it not have any little stars to play with?"

"It is not at all lonely," said Mary, laughing at the idea of stars as playthings for Giant Sun, "and is kept quite busy looking after its large family of planets. I will tell you about them to-morrow, my dear. Don't forget all I have told you about Giant Sun."

"Forget! how could I, sister? It is better than any fairy tale I have ever heard. Giant Sun! Why you have told me enough to keep me thinking all day and all night. Here comes Nellie. Hello, Nellie! Come here and let me tell you all about Giant Sun, and how he melted your doll for you the other day."

“Melted my doll!” said a pretty little golden-haired girl, as she tripped like a little fairy up the garden-path. “So he melted my doll, did he? I should like to see him do it again!” Tears came into her eyes at the thought of her sad experience. Since then, however, a china head had replaced the melted wax, and Nellie had been comforted. So the tears soon disappeared in a smile as she showed her new treasure to Harry.

—MARY PROCTER.

Neptune: nep'tūn.—**Mercury:** mēr'kū-ry.—**Venus:** vē'nūs.—**Mars:** mārs.—**Jupiter:** jū'pīt-er.—**Saturn:** sat'ūr'n.—**Uranus:** ū'rā-nūs.—**cōrō'na:** a circle of light around the sun.

THE FOUNTAIN

Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night!

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flowerlike
When the winds blow!

Into the starlight
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day!

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never weary;

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest;

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element;

Glorious fountain!
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee!

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

blithesome (blith'sūm): merry, gay.—**cease'less**: without stopping.—**aspīr'ing**: trying to reach upward.

ALADDIN ; OR, THE WONDERFUL LAMP

PART I

In one of the large cities of China there once lived a boy named Aladdin. He was the son of a tailor, and more interested in play than in learning his father's trade.

When Aladdin was about fifteen his father, Mustapha, died, leaving him in the care of his mother.

One day while he was playing in the street a strange looking man, passing by, stopped to observe him. This stranger was an African magician, and had arrived from Africa only a few days before. The boy seemed to interest him, and he made inquiries about him of those who knew him well.

"Child," he said to Aladdin, calling him aside, "was not your father called Mustapha, the tailor?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy; "but he is dead."

Then the African magician embraced Aladdin, and kissed him, saying, with tears in his eyes, "I am your uncle. You are so like my dear brother that I knew you at first sight." Then he gave the boy a handful of money, and said: "Give my love to your mother, and tell her that I will visit her to-morrow, that I may see where my good brother lived and died."

"You have no uncle," said Aladdin's mother when she heard this story.

Again, the next day, the magician found Aladdin playing in the streets, and embraced him as before, and put two pieces of gold into his hand, saying:

“Carry this to your mother. Tell her I shall come to sup with you to-night; but first show me where you live.”

This done, Aladdin ran home with the money, and all day long his mother made ready to receive their guest. Just as they began to fear that he might not find the house, the African magician knocked at the door and came in, bringing wine and fruits of every sort. After words of greeting to them both, he asked only to be placed where he might face the sofa on which Mustapha used to sit.

“My poor brother!” he exclaimed. “How unhappy am I not to have come soon enough to give you one last embrace!”

Then he told Aladdin’s mother how he had left their native land of China forty years ago, had traveled in many lands, and finally settled in Africa. The desire seized him to see his brother and his home once more, and therefore he had come, alas! too late.

When the widow wept at the thought of her husband, the African turned to Aladdin and asked:

“What business do you follow? Have you learned any trade?”

The boy hung his head, and the mother added to his shame by saying: “Aladdin is an idle fellow. He

would not learn his father's trade, and now will not heed me, but spends his time where you found him, in the streets."

Again the widow wept, and the magician said:

"That is not well, nephew. But there are many trades besides your father's. What say you to having a shop, which I will furnish for you with fine stuffs and linens?"

This seemed an easy life, and Aladdin was delighted with the plan. "Well, then," said the magician, "come with me to-morrow, and, after clothing you handsomely, we will open the shop."

Soon after supper the stranger took his leave. On the next day he brought the boy his promised clothes, and entertained him with a company of merchants at his inn. When he brought Aladdin home to his mother at night, she called many blessings on his head for his kindness.

Early the next morning the magician came for Aladdin, saying that they would spend the day in the country, and on the next, would buy the shop. So away they walked through the gardens and palaces outside one of the gates of the city. Each palace seemed more beautiful than the last, and they had gone far before Aladdin thought the morning half gone.

They rested by a fountain, to eat the cakes and fruit which they had brought with them. Then they went on again, still farther into the country, till they

reached the place, between two mountains, where the work was to be done that had brought the magician from Africa.

"We will go no farther now," said he to Aladdin. "I will show you here some strange things. While I



strike a light, gather all the loose, dry sticks you can see, to kindle a fire with."

There was soon a great heap of sticks, and when they were in a blaze the magician threw in some incense, and spoke magical words which Aladdin did not understand.

This was scarcely done when the earth opened just before the magician, and they both saw a stone in which was fixed a brass ring. Aladdin was so fright-

ened that he would have run away, but the magician held him.

"Do not be afraid, child," he said. "I shall ask nothing but that you obey me promptly, if you would have the good things I intend for you. Under this stone there is a treasure that will make you richer than the greatest monarch on earth. No one but yourself may lift this stone or enter the cave; so you must do instantly whatever I command, for this is a matter of great importance to both of us."

"Well, uncle, what is to be done?" said Aladdin, losing his fear.

"Take hold of the ring and lift up that stone."

"Indeed, uncle, I am not strong enough; you must help me."

"No," said the magician; "if I help you, we can do nothing. Lift it yourself, and it will come easily." Aladdin obeyed, raised the stone with ease, and laid it aside.

Aladdin: ă-lăd'in.—**Mustapha:** moos'tă-fă.—**in'cense:** dry gums or spices which give out a sweet smell when burned.—**monarch** (môn'-ărk): ruler.—**magician** (mă-jish'an): one having strange knowledge and power.

ALADDIN; OR, THE WONDERFUL LAMP

PART II

When the stone was pulled up, there appeared a staircase, about four feet deep, leading to a door.

"Descend, my son," said the magician, "and open that door. It will lead you into a palace divided into three great halls, but never touch the walls, even with your clothes. If you do, you will die instantly.

"At the end of the third hall you will find a door opening into a garden planted with trees loaded with fine fruit. Walk directly across the garden to a terrace, where you will see a niche before you, and in the niche a lighted lamp. Take it down and put it out. Throw away the wick and pour out the liquor, which is not oil and will not hurt your clothes. Then put the lamp into your waistband and bring it to me."

The magician took a ring from his finger and put it on Aladdin's, saying: "This is a charm against all evil, so long as you obey me. Go, boldly, and we shall both be rich all our lives."

Aladdin went down, found all to be as the magician had said, and carefully obeyed his orders. When he had put the lamp into his waistband, he wondered at the beauty of the fruit in the garden—white, red, green, blue, purple, yellow, and of all other colors—and gathered some of every sort. The fruits were really precious jewels, but Aladdin, not knowing their great value, would have preferred figs, grapes, or pomegranates. Still, he filled two purses his uncle had given him. He also filled the skirts of his vest.

Then he returned with great care, and found the magician anxiously waiting.

"Pray, uncle," he said, "lend me your hand to help me out."

"Give me the lamp first," replied the magician. "It will be troublesome to you."

"Indeed, uncle, I cannot now, but I will as soon as I am up."

The magician was bent on taking it at once from his hand, but the boy was so laden with his fruit that he flatly refused to give it over before getting out of the cave. This drove the magician into such a rage that he threw more incense into the fire, spoke two magical words, and instantly the stone moved back into its place, with the earth above it, as it had been when they first reached the spot.

Aladdin now saw that he had been deceived by one who was not his uncle, but a cruel enemy. The fact is, this man had learned from his magic books about the secret and value of the wonderful lamp, which would make him richer than any earthly ruler if it were given into his hands by another person. He had chosen Aladdin for this purpose, and when his scheme failed he set out immediately on his return to Africa, but did not go back to the town, that none might ask him what had become of the boy.

Aladdin was indeed in a sorry plight. He called for his uncle, but in vain. The earth was closed above him, and also the palace door below him. His cries and tears brought him no help.

At last he said: "There is no strength or power but in the great and high God," and in joining his hands to pray he rubbed the ring which the magician had put on his finger. Instantly a genie of frightful aspect appeared, and said:

"What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee. I serve him who possesses the ring on thy finger, I and the other slaves of that ring."

At another time Aladdin would have been frightened at the sight of such a figure; but his danger gave him courage to say: "Whoever thou art, deliver me from this place."

He had no sooner spoken these words than he found himself outside the cave, of which no sign was to be seen on the surface of the earth. He lost no time in making his way home, where he fainted from weakness, and afterwards told his mother of his strange adventure.

They were both very bitter against the cruel magician, but this did not prevent Aladdin from sleeping until late the next morning. As there was nothing for breakfast, he thought of selling the lamp in order to buy food.

"Here it is," said his mother, "but it is very dirty. If I rub it clean, I believe it will be worth more money."

No sooner had she begun to rub it than a hideous genie of great size appeared before her, and said in a voice of thunder:

“What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and the slave of all those who have the lamp in their hands, I and the other slaves of the lamp.”

In terror at the sight, Aladdin's mother fainted; but the boy, who had already seen a genie, said boldly: “I am hungry; bring me something to eat.”

The genie disappeared, and returned in an instant with a large silver tray, holding twelve covered silver dishes filled with tempting food, six large cakes, two skins of wine, and two silver cups. All these were placed upon a carpet, and the genie disappeared before Aladdin's mother had come out of her swoon.

When she was herself again, they satisfied their hunger, and still there was food enough for the rest of that day and two meals on the next. This they put aside, and Aladdin's mother made him tell of all that had passed between him and the genie during the swoon. The simple woman thought it all a dangerous and wicked business, and begged Aladdin to sell both the lamp and the ring; but he persuaded her to let him keep both, on the condition that she should have nothing to do with the genie again.

When they had eaten all the food left from the feast the genie brought, Aladdin sold the silver plates one by one to a dealer, who cheated him by paying only a small part of their value, and yet made the boy think himself rich. The tray he sold last; and when

the money it brought was spent he rubbed the lamp again. Again the genie appeared, and provided the mother and son with another feast and other silver dishes. These kept them in money for some time longer.

Aladdin, all the while, by visiting the shops of the merchants, was gaining knowledge of the world and a desire to improve himself. From the jewelers he came to know that the fruits he had gathered when he got the lamp were not merely colored glass, but precious stones of untold value, the rarest in the city.

descend: go down.—**niche** (nĭch): a hollow place in a wall, often used for statues or other ornaments.—**pōme'granate**: a round fruit about the size of an orange. It grows in China and other Eastern countries.—**in a sorry plight**: in a dangerous state or condition.—**a genie of frightful aspect**: an unearthly creature who was frightful to look at.—**hid'ēous**: very ugly.—**swoon**: fainting fit.

ALADDIN; OR, THE WONDERFUL LAMP

PART III

One day, as Aladdin was walking about the town, he heard an order proclaimed that the people should close their shops and houses and keep within doors while the Princess Buddir al Buddoor, the Sultan's daughter, should go to the bath and return.

Aladdin was filled with an eager desire to see the princess and hid himself behind a door. It chanced that when she was a short distance away from Aladdin

she removed her veil, and Aladdin saw for a moment one of the most beautiful faces in the world. When she passed by him he left his hiding place and went home, thoughtful and grave.

"Are you ill?" asked his mother.

"No," he answered, "but I love the Princess more than I can tell, and have decided that I will ask her in marriage of the Sultan."

His mother thought him mad, but Aladdin said: "I have the slaves of the lamp and the ring to help me," and then he told her for the first time what riches he owned in the jewels brought from the underground palace. "These," he said, "will gain the favor of the Sultan. You have a large china dish fit to hold them; fetch it, and let us see how they will look when we have arranged them according to their different colors."

Their eyes were dazzled by the splendor of the jewels when they were arranged in the dish, and Aladdin's mother consented at once to take them to the Sultan, and ask his daughter's hand for her son.

Early the next morning she wrapped the dish in two fine napkins and set out for the palace. Though the crowd was great, she made her way into the audience hall, and placed herself just before the Sultan, the Grand Vizier, and the other lords who sat beside him. But there were many cases for him to hear and judge, and her turn did not come that day.

For seven days more she carried the jewels to the audience hall in the same place, and on the seventh day she was called forward. She bowed her head till it touched the carpet on the platform of the throne. Then the Sultan bade her rise and said:

"Good woman, I have observed you many days. What business brings you here?"

"Monarch of monarchs," she replied, "I beg you to pardon the boldness of my petition."

"Well," said the Sultan, "I will forgive you, be it what it may, and no hurt shall come to you. Speak boldly."

This gave her heart to tell the errand on which her son had sent her. The Sultan listened without anger till she was done, and then asked her what she had brought tied up in a napkin. She took the china dish, untied it, and presented it to the Sultan.

His wonder knew no bounds when he looked upon the jewels. Not until he had received the gift from the woman's hands could he find words to say, "How rich! how beautiful!"

Then he turned to the Grand Vizier, and said: "Behold, admire, wonder! and confess that your eyes never beheld jewels so rich and beautiful before. What sayest thou to such a present? Is it not worthy of the Princess, my daughter? Ought I not give her to one who values her at so great a price?"

"I cannot but own," replied the Grand Vizier,

“that the present is worthy of the Princess. But wait for three months. Before that time I hope that my son, whom you regard with favor, will be able to make



a nobler present than this Aladdin, of whom your Majesty knows nothing.”

The Sultan granted this request, and said to Aladdin's mother:

“Good woman, go home, and tell your son that I agree to what you have proposed, but he cannot marry the Princess, my daughter, for three months. At the end of that time come again.”

The news which Aladdin's mother brought home filled him and her with joy. From that time forth he

counted every week, day, and hour as they passed. When two of the three months were gone, Aladdin's mother went out one evening to buy some oil, and found the streets full of joyful people, and officers busy with preparations for some festival.

"What does it mean?" she asked the oil merchant.

"Whence came you, good woman," said he, "that you do not know that the Grand Vizier's son is to marry the Princess Buddir al Buddoor, the Sultan's daughter to-night?"

Home she ran to Aladdin and cried: "Child, you are undone! The Sultan's fine promises will come to naught. This night the Grand Vizier's son is to marry the Princess Buddir al Buddoor."

Aladdin was thunderstruck, but wasted no time in idle words against the Sultan. He went at once to his chamber, took the lamp, rubbed it as before, and instantly the genie appeared, and said to him:

"What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, I and the other slaves of the lamp."

"Hear me," said Aladdin; "the Sultan's daughter, who was promised to me as my bride, will this night be wed to the son of the Grand Vizier. Bring them both hither to me before they are married."

"Master," replied the genie, "I obey you."

Aladdin did not have to wait long after supping with his mother and going to his chamber to be shown again that the genie was indeed his faithful slave.

On this night and the next the Princess and the Grand Vizier's son were borne away from the Sultan's palace and returned each morning in a manner which none could understand, not even they themselves.

The strange event was told to few, but the Sultan was one of them. He consulted with the Grand Vizier; and, as both of these parents feared to expose the young couple to further dangers from unseen foes, the marriage was canceled, and all the merry making in honor of it was stopped.

None but Aladdin knew the cause of all the trouble, and he kept his secret to himself. Least of all did the Sultan and the Grand Vizier, who had quite forgotten Aladdin, suspect that he had a hand in the matter.

Of course Aladdin had not forgotten the Sultan's promise, and on the very day which ended the three months, his mother came again to the Sultan, and stood in her old place. When the Sultan saw her she was called forward; and having bowed to the floor, she said:

"Sir, I come at the end of three months to ask you to fulfill the promise you made to my son."

The Sultan could hardly believe that the request had been made in earnest, and, after a few words with the Grand Vizier, decided to make a demand which one in Aladdin's humble position could not fulfill.

"Good woman," he said, "it is true that sultans

ought to abide by their word, and I am ready to keep mine. But as I cannot marry my daughter without further proof that your son will be able to support her in royal state, you may tell him that I will fulfill my promise so soon as he shall send me forty trays of heavy gold, full of the same sort of jewels you have already given me, and carried by forty black slaves, who shall be led by as many young and handsome white slaves, all dressed magnificently. When this is done, I will give my daughter, the Princess, to him."

Buddir al Buddoor: (boo-dēr'al boo-door').—**Grand Vizier** (vīz'ī-ēr): the sultan's chief counselor.—**audience hall:** the great room within which the sultan listened to the requests and complaints of his subjects.—**pētī-tion:** prayer, request.

ALADDIN; OR, THE WONDERFUL LAMP

PART IV

As Aladdin's mother hurried home she laughed to think how far the Sultan's demand would be beyond her son's power.

"He awaits your answer," she said to Aladdin when she had told him all, and added, laughing, "I believe he may wait long."

"Not so long as you think," replied Aladdin. "This demand is a mere trifle. I will prepare to answer it at once."

In his own chamber he summoned the genie of the

lamp, who appeared without delay, and promised to carry out Aladdin's commands. Within a very short time, a train of forty black slaves, led by as many white slaves, appeared opposite the house in which Aladdin lived. Each black slave carried on his head a tray of heavy gold, full of pearls, diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. Aladdin then said to his mother:

"Madam, pray lose no time. Go to the Sultan and make this gift to him, that he may see how earnestly I desire his daughter's hand."

With Aladdin's mother at its head, the procession began to move through the streets, which were soon filled with people praising the beauty and bearing of the slaves, splendidly dressed, and walking at an equal distance from one another. The richest robes of the court looked poor beside the dresses of these slaves.

When they had all entered the palace they formed a half circle around the Sultan's throne; the black slaves laid the golden trays on the carpet, touched it with their foreheads, and at the same time the white slaves did likewise. When they rose the black slaves uncovered the trays, and then all stood with their arms crossed over their breasts.

This done, Aladdin's mother advanced to the throne, bowed to the floor, and said:

"Sir, my son knows that this present is much below the notice of the Princess Buddir al Buddoor, but hopes that your majesty will accept it, and make

it pleasing to the Princess. His hope is the greater because he has tried to carry out your own wish."

With delight the Sultan replied:

"Go and tell your son that I wait with open arms to embrace him; and the more haste he makes to come and receive the Princess, my daughter, from my hands, the greater pleasure he will give me."

Aladdin's mother made haste to carry the good news to her son.

"My son," she said, "you may rejoice, for the Sultan has declared that you shall marry the Princess Buddir al Buddoor. He waits for you with impatience."

Aladdin was overjoyed, but, saying little, went to his chamber. Here he rubbed the lamp, and, when its slave appeared, said:

"Genie, take me at once to a bath, and give me the richest robes ever worn by a monarch."

This was soon done, and he found himself again in his own chamber, where the genie asked if he had any other commands.

"Yes," answered Aladdin; "bring me a horse better than the best in the Sultan's stables. Fit him with trappings worthy of his value. Furnish twenty slaves, clothed as richly as those who carried the presents to the Sultan, to walk by my side and follow me, and twenty more to go before me in two ranks. Besides these, bring my mother six woman slaves as

richly dressed as any of the Princess Buddir al Bud-door's, each carrying a complete dress fit for a Sultan's wife. I also want ten thousand pieces of gold in ten purses; go, and make haste!"

The commands were instantly fulfilled, and Aladdin gave the six women slaves to his mother, with the six dresses wrapped in silver tissue. Of the ten purses he gave four to his mother and the other six he left in the hands of the slaves who had brought them, saying that they must march before him and throw the money by handfuls into the crowd as the procession moved to the Sultan's palace.

Mounted on his horse, Aladdin, though he had never ridden before, appeared with a grace that the most practiced horseman might have envied. It was no wonder that the people made the air echo with their shouts, especially when the slaves threw out the handfuls of gold.

The Sultan met him at the palace and embraced him, and made him sit near the throne. Then there was a great feast, and afterwards the contract of marriage between the Princess and Aladdin was drawn up. When the Sultan asked him if he would stay in the palace and complete the marriage that day, Aladdin answered:

"Sir, though my impatience is great to enter on the honor your majesty has granted, yet I beg to be allowed to build a castle worthy of the Princess, your

daughter. I pray you to give me ground enough near your own, and I will have the castle finished with the greatest speed."

The request was granted, and Aladdin took his leave with as much politeness as if he had always been at court. Again, as he passed through the streets, the people shouted and wished him joy. In his own chamber once more, he took the lamp, rubbed it, and there was the genie.

"Genie," said Aladdin, "build me a palace fit to receive the Princess Buddir al Buddoor. Let its material be of the rarest. Let its walls be of heavy gold and silver bricks. Let each front contain six windows, and let the lattices of these (except one, which must be left unfinished) be enriched with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, beyond anything of the kind ever seen in the world. Let there be courts and a garden, kitchens, storehouses, stables, offices, servants, and slaves. Above all, provide a safe treasure-house, and fill it with gold and silver. Go, and fulfill my wishes."

Early the next morning the genie returned, and bore Aladdin to the place where the palace had been built. Everything was done as Aladdin had commanded.

When the Sultan looked out of his window in the morning, he was amazed to see a shining building where there had been but an empty garden. "It must

be Aladdin's palace," he said, "which I gave him leave to build for my daughter. He has wished to surprise us, and let us see what wonders he can do in a night."

Soon Aladdin appeared; and when in royal pomp he left his humble house for the last time, he did not fail to take with him the wonderful lamp which had brought him all his good fortune, or to wear the ring he had received as a charm.

a mere trifle: a matter of no importance.—**contract of marriage:** written agreement to marry.—**lat'tice:** a screen of wood or metal, made by crossing thin strips to form a network. It is often used on windows.—**pomp:** splendor.

ALADDIN; OR, THE WONDERFUL LAMP

PART V

His marriage to the Princess was performed with the greatest splendor. There was feasting and music and dancing, and when the Princess was brought to her new palace she was dazzled by its richness.

The next day Aladdin with a troop of slaves went himself to the Sultan and asked him to come with the Grand Vizier and the lords of the court to a feast in the palace of the Princess. The Sultan gladly consented, and the nearer he came to the building, the more he wondered at its grandeur. When he entered the hall of the twenty-four windows he exclaimed:

"This palace is one of the wonders of the world.

Where else shall we find walls built of gold and silver, and windows of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds? But tell me this. Why, in a hall of such beauty, was one window left incomplete?"

"Sir," said Aladdin, "I left it so, that you should have the glory of finishing this hall."

"I take your wish kindly," said the Sultan, "and will give orders about it at once."

When the jewelers and goldsmiths were called they undertook to finish the window, but needed all the jewels the Sultan could give and the Grand Vizier lend for the work. Even the jewels of Aladdin's gift were used, and after working for a month the window was not half finished. Aladdin therefore dismissed them all one day, bade them undo what they had done, and take the jewels back to the Sultan and the Vizier. Then he rubbed his lamp, and there was the genie.

"Genie," he said, "I ordered thee to leave one of the four and twenty windows imperfect, and thou hast obeyed me. Now I would have thee make it like the rest." And in a moment the work was done.

The Sultan was greatly surprised when the chief jeweler brought back the stones and said that their work had been stopped, he could not tell why. A horse was brought, and the Sultan rode at once to ask what it all meant. One of the first things he saw was the finished window. He could hardly believe it to be true, and looked very closely at all the four and twenty to

see if he was deceived. When he was convinced he embraced Aladdin and kissed him between the eyes and said:

“My son, what a man you are to do such things in the twinkling of an eye! There is not your equal in the world; the more I know you, the more I admire you.”

Aladdin won the love not only of the Sultan but also of the people. As he went to one mosque or another to prayers, or paid visits to the Grand Vizier and lord of the court, he caused two slaves who walked by the side of his horse to throw handfuls of money to the people in the streets. Thus he lived for several years, making himself dear to all.

About this time the African magician, who had supposed Aladdin to be dead in the cave where he had left him, learned by his magic art that he had made his escape, and by the help of the genie of the wonderful lamp was living in royal splendor.

On the very next day the magician set out for the capital of China. There he quickly learned about Aladdin's wealth and goodness and popularity. As soon as he saw the palace he knew that none but the genies, the slaves of the lamp, could have built it, and he returned to his inn the more angry at Aladdin for having got what he wanted himself.

When he learned by his magic that Aladdin did not carry his lamp about with him, but left it in the palace,

he rubbed his hands with glee, and said, "Well, I shall have it now, and I shall make that Aladdin return to his low estate."

The next morning he learned that Aladdin had gone with a hunting party, to be absent eight days, three of which had passed. He needed to know no more, and quickly formed his plans. He sent to a shop and asked for a dozen copper lamps. The master of the shop had not so many then, but promised them the next day, and said he would have them, as the magician wished, handsome and well polished.

When the magician came back and paid for them, he put them in a basket and started for Aladdin's palace. As he drew near he began crying: "Who will exchange old lamps for new ones?"

The Princess was in the hall with the four and twenty windows, and, seeing a crowd outside, sent one of her woman slaves to find out what the man was crying. The slave returned laughing, and told of the foolish offer. Another slave, hearing it, said:

"Now you speak of lamps, I know not whether the Princess may have observed it, but there is an old one upon the shelf of the Prince Aladdin's room. Whoever owns it will not be sorry to find a new one in its place. If the Princess chooses, she may have the pleasure of seeing whether this old man is silly enough to make the exchange."

The Princess, who knew not the value of the lamp,

thought it would be a good joke to do as her slave suggested, and in a few moments it was done.

The magician did not stop to cry "New lamps for old ones" again, but hurried to his inn and out of the town.

When he reached a lonely spot he pulled the old lamp out of his breast, and, to make sure that it was the one he wanted, rubbed it. Instantly the genie appeared and said:

"What wouldst thou have? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and the slave of all those who have that lamp in their hands, both I and the other slaves of the lamp."

"I command thee," replied the magician, "to bear me and the palace which thou and the other slaves have built in the city, with all the people in it, to Africa."

The genie made no reply, but in a moment he and the other slaves of the lamp had borne the magician and the entire palace to the spot where he wished it to stand.

Early the next morning, when the Sultan went, as usual, to gaze upon Aladdin's palace, it was no where to be seen. How so large a building that had been standing for some years could disappear so completely, and leave no trace behind, he could not understand.

mosque (mösk): a kind of church.—**return to his low estate**: go back to his former low condition in life.

ALADDIN; OR, THE WONDERFUL LAMP

PART VI

The Grand Vizier was summoned to explain it. In secret he bore no good will to Aladdin, and was glad to suggest that the very building of the palace had been by magic, and that the hunting party had been merely an excuse for the removal of the palace by the same means. So the Sultan was persuaded to send a body of his guards to seize Aladdin as a prisoner of state.

When he appeared the Sultan would hear no word from him, but ordered him put to death. This displeased the people so much that the Sultan, fearing a riot, granted him his life and let him speak.

"Sir," said Aladdin, "I pray you to let me know the crime by which I have lost thy favor."

"Your crime!" answered the Sultan; "wretched man! do you not know it? Follow me, and I will show you."

Then he led Aladdin to a window and said: "You ought to know where your palace stood; look, and tell me what has become of it."

Aladdin was as much amazed as the Sultan had been. "True, it has vanished," he said after a speechless pause, "but I had nothing to do with its removal. I beg you to give me forty days, and if in that time I

cannot restore it, I will offer my head to be disposed of at your pleasure."

"I give you the time you ask," answered the Sultan, "but at the end of forty days forget not to present yourself before me."

For three days Aladdin wandered about the city, exciting the pity of all he met by asking if they had seen his palace, or could tell where it was. On the third day he wandered into the country. As he approached a river he slipped and fell down a bank. Clutching at a rock to save himself, he rubbed his ring, and instantly the genie whom he had seen in the cave appeared before him.

"What wouldst thou have?" said the genie. "I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, and the slave of all those that have the ring on their finger, both I and the other slaves of the ring."

Aladdin had never thought of help from this quarter, and said with delight:

"Genie, show me where my palace now stands, or bring it back where it first stood."

"Your command," answered the genie, "is not wholly in my power; I am only the slave of the ring, and not of the lamp."

"I command thee, then," replied Aladdin, "by the power of the ring, to bear me to the spot where my palace stands, wherever it may be?"

These words were no sooner out of his mouth than

he found himself in the midst of a large plain, where his palace stood, not far from a city, and directly above him was the window of his wife's chamber.

Just then one of her household happened to look out and see him, and told the good news to the Princess Buddir al Buddoor. She could not believe it to be true, and, hastening to the window, opened it herself with a noise which made Aladdin look up. Seeing the Princess, he saluted her with an air that expressed his joy, and in a moment he had entered by a private door and was in her arms.

After shedding tears of joy, they sat down, and Aladdin said: "I beg you, Princess, to tell me what has become of an old lamp which stood upon a shelf in my chamber."

"Alas!" answered the Princess, "I was afraid our misfortune might be owing to that lamp; and what grieves me most is that I have been the cause of it. I was foolish enough to change the old lamp for a new one, and the next morning I found myself in this unknown country, which I am told is Africa."

"Princess," said Aladdin, stopping her, "you have told me all by telling me that we are in Africa. Now only tell me where the old lamp is."

"The African magician," answered the Princess, "carries it carefully wrapped up in his bosom. This I know, because one day he pulled it out before me, and showed it to me in triumph."

Aladdin quickly formed a plan to leave the palace, disguise himself, buy of a druggist a certain powder which he named, and return to the Princess. He told her what she must do.



When the magician should come to the palace, she must pretend to be friendly and ask him to sup with her. "Before he leaves," said Aladdin, "ask him to exchange cups with you. This he will gladly do, and you must give him the cup containing this powder. On drinking it he will instantly fall asleep, and we shall obtain the lamp, whose slaves will do our bidding, and bear us and the palace back to the capital of China."

It was not long before the magician came to the

palace, and the Princess did exactly as Aladdin had bidden her. When, at the end of the evening, she offered her guest the drugged cup, he drank it, out of honor to her, to the last drop, and fell back on the sofa.

Aladdin was quickly called and said: "Princess, let me be left alone while I try to take you back to China as quickly as you were brought thence."

On the body of the magician he found the lamp, carefully wrapped and hidden in his garments. Aladdin rubbed it, and the genie stood before him.

"Genie," said Aladdin, "I command thee to bear this palace back to the place whence it was brought hither." The genie bowed his head and departed. In a moment the palace was in China, and its removal was felt only by two little shocks, the one when it was lifted up, and the other when it was set down.

Early the next morning the Sultan was looking from his window and mourning his daughter's fate. He could not believe his eyes when first he saw her palace standing in its old place. But as he looked more closely he was convinced, and joy came to his heart instead of the grief that filled it. At once he ordered a horse and was on his way, when Aladdin, looking from the hall of twenty-four windows, saw him coming, and hastened to help him dismount. He was brought at once to the Princess, and both wept tears of joy. When the strange events had been partly explained, he said to Aladdin:

WHO WROTE "THE ARABIAN NIGHTS"? 71

"My son, be not displeased at the harshness I showed towards you. It rose from a father's love, and therefore you will forgive it."

"Sir," said Aladdin, "I have not the least reason to complain of your conduct, since you did nothing but what your duty required. This wicked magician, the wickedest of men, was the sole cause of all."

—"THE ARABIAN NIGHTS" (*Adapted*).

disguise himself: change his appearance so that he should not be recognized.

WHO WROTE "THE ARABIAN NIGHTS"?

You could never guess who wrote "The Arabian Nights," for nobody knows when those stories were first written. It seems very odd that a book should be made, and no one be able to tell when it was made. Yet it is even so with the book we are talking of.

Over two hundred years ago, a learned Frenchman found an old manuscript written in the language of Arabia and called "The Thousand and One Nights." He translated it into his own language, and the school-boys throughout France all came to know the wonderful stories of Aladdin and of Ali-Baba.

But why the title of "The Thousand and One Nights"? I will tell you why. And in telling you why, I shall tell you a story; and this is the way it runs:

Once there lived a wicked Sultan of Persia, whose name was Schahriar; and he had many wives.

Well, this old Schahriar found that his wives were deceitful, and he vowed that he would cut off all chance of their sinning by making an end of them. So it happened that whatever new wife he married one day, he killed upon the next.

You will think that the brides were foolish to marry him; but all the women of the East were slaves, and had to obey whatever orders the Sultan might make.

It happened that this old Schahriar had a vizier, or chief officer, under him, who carried out all his murderous orders. But the vizier was horrified by the cruelties he had to commit. And this same vizier had a beautiful daughter, who was even more horrified than her father; and she plotted how she might stop the bloody actions of Schahriar.

She could not meet him, and could hope to win no influence over him, except by becoming his bride. But if she became his bride, she would have but one day to live. So, at least, thought her sister and her father.

She, of course, found it very hard to win the consent of her father to her plan; but at last she succeeded, and so arranged matters that the wicked Schahriar should command her to be his bride.

At last the marriage day came, and the vizier was in an agony of grief and alarm. The morning after the marriage, he waited for the usual order for the

execution of the bride; but to his surprise the order was postponed to the following day.

This bride, whose name was Scheherazade, was most winning of speech, and a most charming story teller. And on the day of her marriage she had commenced the telling of a most interesting story to her husband, Schahriar; and she had so timed it, and measured out its length, that, when the hour came for the Sultan to set about his cares of office, she should be at its most interesting part.

The Sultan had been so delighted by her interesting story and was so eager to hear the rest of the tale that he put off the execution of Scheherazade, in order to hear the end of the story on the following night.

And so rich was the narration, and so great was the art of the princess that she kept alive the curiosity and wonder of the Sultan—day after day, and week after week, and month after month—until her stories had lasted for a thousand and one nights.

If you count up these, you will find that they make a period of two years and nine months, during which time she had put off the order for her execution.

In the meantime she had so won her husband that he did away with his cruel law forever, on condition that from time to time she should tell over again those enchanting stories. And the stories she told on those thousand and one nights, and which have been told

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since in every language thousands and thousands of times, are the tales of "The Arabian Nights."

If this account is not all true, it is at least as true as the stories are.

—DONALD G. MITCHELL (*Adapted*).

mān'ūscript: a paper or papers containing a composition of any sort written by hand.—**Ali-Baba** (ā'lē bā'bā): the hero of one of the stories of "The Arabian Nights"—**Schahriar**: shā-rī'ār.—**hōr'rifled**: made to feel dread or horror.—**Exēcū'tion**: putting to death.—**Scheherazade**: she-hē'-rā-zad.—**narrā'tion**: a story, or the telling of a story.

A JAPANESE LULLABY

Sleep little pigeon, and fold your wings,
Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes;
Sleep to the singing of mother bird swinging,
Swinging the nest where her little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star,
Silvery star with a tinkling song.
To the soft dew falling I hear it calling,
Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes,
Little gold moonbeam with misty wings;
All silently creeping, it asks, "Is he sleeping,
Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

Up from the sea there floats the sob

Of waves that are breaking upon the shore,
As though they were groaning in anguish, and moaning
Bemoaning the ship that shall come in no more.

But sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings,

Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes;
Am I not singing? See I am swinging,
Swinging the nest where my darling lies.

—EUGENE FIELD.

anguish: great pain.

MR. RABBIT, HE'S A GOOD FISHERMAN

One day when Brother Rabbit, and Brother Fox, and Brother Coon, and Brother Bear and a lot of them were clearing up some new ground to plant a roast-ear patch, the sun began to get hot, and Brother Rabbit got tired. But he didn't let on because he was afraid the rest of them would call him lazy. He kept on carrying off trash and piling brush, till by and by he called out that he had a briar in his hand, and he slipped off and hunted a cool place to rest.

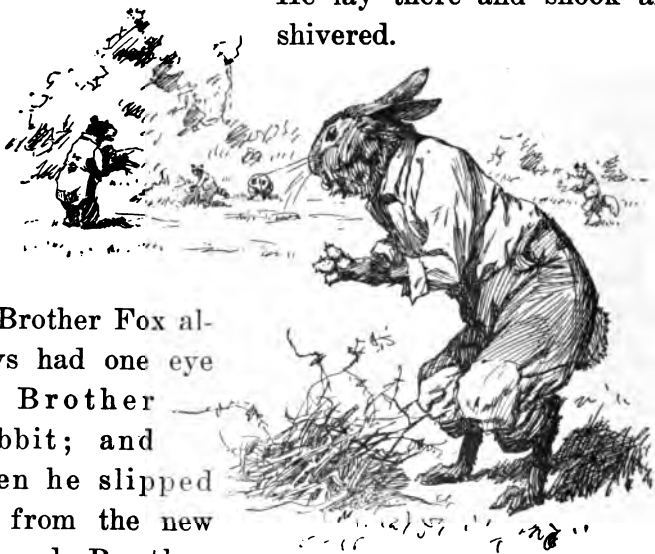
After a while he came across a well with a bucket hanging in it.

"That looks cool," said Brother Rabbit. "I'll just get in there and take a nap." And with that he jumped

in. He had no sooner fixed himself than the bucket began to go down.

There was no worse scared beast since the world began. He fairly had an ague. He knew where he came from, but he did not know where he was going. Soon he felt the bucket hit the water, and there he sat; but he kept very still, because he didn't know what was going to happen the next minute.

He lay there and shook and shivered.



Brother Fox always had one eye on Brother Rabbit; and when he slipped off from the new ground, Brother

Fox slipped after him. He knew Brother Rabbit was after some project or other, and he crept after him and watched him.

Brother Fox saw Brother Rabbit jump into the bucket; and then, lo and behold, he saw him go down

out of sight. Brother Fox was the most astonished Fox you ever laid eyes on. He sat off there in the bushes and studied about it, but he could not make head or tail of this kind of business. Then he said to himself:

"Well, if this doesn't bang my time. Right down there in that well Brother Rabbit keeps his money. Then if it isn't that, he has discovered a gold mine; and if it isn't that, I'm going to see what is in there."

Brother Fox crept up a little nearer and listened, but he didn't hear any fuss; and kept getting nearer, but still he heard nothing. By and by he got up close and peeped down, but he saw nothing and heard nothing.

All this time Brother Rabbit was scared nearly out of his skin; and he was afraid to move for fear of upsetting the bucket. While he was saying his prayers over and over like a train of cars running, old Brother Fox called out:



"Heyo, Brother Rabbit! whom are you visiting down there?"

"Who? Me? Oh, I'm just fishing, Brother Fox," said he. I just said to myself that I would surprise you all with a mess of fish for dinner; and so here I am, and there are the fish."

"Are there many of them down there, Brother Rabbit?" asked Brother Fox.

"Lots of them, Brother Fox, scores and scores of them. The water is alive with them. Come down and help me haul them up, Brother Fox," said Brother Rabbit.

"How am I going to get down, Brother Rabbit?"

"Jump into the bucket, Brother Fox. It will fetch you down all safe and sound."

Brother Rabbit talked so happy and talked so sweet that Brother Fox jumped into the other bucket; and as he went down, of course his weight pulled Brother Rabbit up. When they passed one another on the half way ground, Brother Rabbit sang out:

"Goodbye, Brother Fox, take care of your clothes,
For this is the way the world goes:
Some go up and some go down,
You'll get to the bottom all safe and sound."

When Brother Rabbit got out he galloped off and told the folks who owned the well that Brother Fox was down muddying up the drinking water. Then he galloped back to the well and called down to Brother Fox:

MR. RABBIT, HE'S A GOOD FISHERMAN 79

"Here comes a man with a great big gun;
When he hauls you up, you jump and run."

In just about a half hour both of them were back in the new ground working just as if they had never heard of any well. But every now and then Brother Rabbit would burst out laughing, and Brother Fox would get a spell of the dry grins.

—JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS (*Adapted*).

a roasting-ear patch: a patch of ground planted with corn which could be roasted when it should be grown.—**had an ague** (ā'gū): an ague is a severe chill which makes one shake. Brother Rabbit was shaking with fear.—**was after some project:** had some kind of a plan.—**if this doesn't bang my time:** an expression of Brother Fox's which meant that he was much surprised.—**scores:** a score is twenty.—**a spell of the dry grins:** a grin is a smile. This expression means that Brother Fox smiled but didn't laugh aloud.



ARNOLD VON WINKELRIED

Years ago Austria tried to take away the freedom of Switzerland. The King of Austria sent a great army against the Swiss. The Austrian soldiers were dressed in shining armor and carried shields. In their hands were long spears. They marched so close together that the front ranks seemed to the Swiss like one solid mass.

The Swiss came from the mountains and the valleys to meet their enemies and to try to drive them back. They had no armor, no shields, and very few weapons; but something had to be done. If not, their houses would soon lie in ashes, their sheep would be killed, and all their goods would be taken away from them. More than that, they themselves would be killed or captured.

So with cross-bows and arrows, with pitchforks, scythes, sticks, and clubs, they formed into ranks and fought the Austrians.

They fought bravely, but they could not drive the Austrians back. Their arrows glanced off the shining armor. Their clubs and pitchforks were warded off by the thick shields. The solid ranks of the enemy could not be broken.

The Austrians pressed the Swiss back, and many were killed and trampled underfoot. Unless the Swiss

could break the ranks of the Austrians, Switzerland was doomed. They began to lose hope and courage. What could be done?

When all seemed lost, a man named Arnold von Winkelried stepped out of the ranks and spoke to his discouraged comrades:

"Friends, my home is on the mountainside yonder," said he; "and there my wife and children wait for my return. That home, like all our homes, is in danger now. It is better for them to be safe than for me to live. Follow me, and do your best; for I will break the ranks of the enemy!

"Make way for liberty!" he cried, then ran forward without weapons, to meet the Austrians. He threw himself upon their shining spear points. A dozen pierced his breast. Soldiers to the right and the left broke ranks to thrust their spears in the brave man's body. Officers shouted to the excited soldiers to close ranks, but no one seemed to hear. Order was forgotten, and commands were unheeded.

Through the broken ranks poured the Swiss, striking right and left with clubs and scythes and pitchforks.

"Make way for liberty!" they cried as they fought, remembering the brave deed and words of their comrade.

The Austrians were driven back, and Switzerland was safe once more. And why? Because Arnold von Winkelried had thought that the lives of his friends

and the freedom of his country were worth more than his own life.

It was a brave deed, and because of it Arnold von Winkelried still lives in song and story.

glanced off: flew off in a sidewise direction.—**were warded off:** were turned aside.



THE WIND AND THE MOON

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out!

You stare

In the air

As if crying 'Beware,'

Always looking what I am about;

I hate to be watched; I will blow you out!"

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.

So, deep

On a heap

Of clouds, to sleep

Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,

Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon!"

He turned in his bed: she was there again!

On high

In the sky,

With her one ghost-eye,

The Moon shone white and alive and plain:

Said the Wind, "I will blow you out again!"

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew slim.

"With my sledge

And my wedge

I have knocked off her edge!"

"I will blow," said the Wind, "right fierce and grim,

And the creature will soon be slimmer than slim."

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.

"One puff

More's enough

To blow her to snuff!

One good puff more where the last was bred,

And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go that thread!"

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone.

In the air

Nowhere

Was a moonbeam bare;

Larger and nearer the shy stars shone;

Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once more;
On down
And in town,
Like a merry mad clown,
He leaped and halloed with whistle and roar,
When there was that glimmering thread once more!

He flew in a rage, he danced and blew;
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain,
For still the Moon-scrap the broader grew
The more that he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew, till she filled the night,
And shone
On her throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind: "What a marvel of power am I!
With my breath,
In good faith,
I blew her to death!
First blew her away right out of the sky,
Then blew her in: what a strength am I!"

But the Moon she knew naught of the silly affair;
For, high
In the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless miles above the air,
She never had heard the great Wind blare.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

sledge: a large hammer.—**wedge**: a piece of metal or wood, thick at one end and tapering to a thin edge at the other. It is used to split wood or rocks.—**downs**: hilly lands.



TIT FOR TAT

There once lived a Camel and a Jackal who were great friends. One day the Jackal said to the Camel, "I know that there is a fine field of sugar cane on the other side of the river. If you will take me across, I'll show you the place. This plan will suit me as well as you. You will enjoy eating the sugar cane, and I am sure to find many crabs' bones and bits of fish by the riverside, on which to make a good dinner."

The Camel consented, and swam across the river, taking the Jackal, who could not swim, on his back. When they reached the other side, the Camel went to eating the sugar cane, and the Jackal ran up and down the river bank devouring all the crabs, bits of fish, and bones he could find.

Being so much smaller an animal, the Jackal had made an excellent meal before the Camel had eaten more than two or three mouthfuls; and no sooner had he finished his dinner than he ran round and round the sugar-cane field, yelping and howling with all his might.

The villagers heard him, and thought, "There is a jackal among the sugar canes; he will be scratching holes in the ground and spoiling the roots of the plants." And they all went down to the place to drive him away.

When they got there they found to their surprise not only a Jackal, but a Camel who was eating the sugar canes! This made them very angry, and they caught the poor Camel and drove him from the field and beat him and beat him until he was nearly dead.

When they had gone, the Jackal said to the Camel, "We had better go home."

And the Camel said, "Very well; then jump upon my back, as you did before."

The Jackal jumped upon the Camel's back, and the Camel began to cross the river. When they had

got well into the water, the Camel said, "That was a pretty way in which you treated me, friend Jackal. No sooner had you finished your own dinner than you must go yelping about the place loud enough to arouse the whole village, and bring all the villagers down to beat me black and blue, and turn me out of the field before I had eaten two mouthfuls! What in the world did you make such a noise for?"

"I don't know," said the Jackal. "It is a custom I have. I always like to sing a little after dinner."

The Camel waded on through the river. The water reached up to his knees, then above them, up, up, up, higher and higher, until he was obliged to swim. Then turning to the Jackal, he said, "I feel very anxious to roll."

"Oh, pray don't; why do you wish to do so?" asked the Jackal.

"I don't know," answered the Camel. "It is a custom I have. I always like to have a little roll after dinner."

So saying, he rolled over in the water, shaking the Jackal off as he did so. And the Jackal was drowned but the Camel swam safely ashore.

—M. FRERE.

Jack'al: a greedy animal which looks something like a wolf.

THE PORCELAIN STOVE

PART I

In a little brown house, far away in Germany, there lived a father and his children. There were Hilda, the dear eldest sister, and Hans, the big strong brother; then Karl and August, and the baby Marta. But it is about Karl that I am going to tell you. He was nine years old, a rosy little fellow, with big bright eyes and a curly head as brown as a ripe nut.

The dear mother was dead, and the father was very poor, so that Karl and his brothers and sisters sometimes knew what it was to be hungry; but they were happy, for they loved each other very dearly, and they ate their brown bread and milk without wishing it were something better.

One afternoon Karl had been sent on a long journey. It was winter time, and he had to run fast over the white snow. The night was coming on, and he was hurrying home with a great jug of milk. The mountains looked high and white and still in the cold moonlight, and the stars seemed to say, when they twinkled, "Hurry, Karl! The children are hungry."

At last he saw the little brown cottage, with a snow-covered roof and shining window, through which he could see the bright firelight dancing merrily; for Hilda never closed the shutters till all the boys were

safely inside the house. When he saw the dear home-light he ran as fast as his feet could carry him, burst in at the low front door, kissed Hilda, and shouted:

"Oh! dear, dear Hirschvogel! I am so glad to get back to you again; you are every bit as good as the summer time."

Now, Hirschvogel was not one of the family, as you might think, nor even a splendid dog, nor a pony, but it was a large, beautiful porcelain stove, so tall that it nearly touched the ceiling. It stood at the end of the room, shining with all the hues of a peacock's tail, bright and warm and beautiful. Its great golden feet were shaped like the claws of a lion, and there was a golden crown on the very top of all.

You never have seen a stove like it, for it was white where our stoves are black, and it had flowers and birds and beautiful ladies and grand gentlemen painted all over it, and everywhere it was brilliant with gold and bright colors.

It was a very old stove. Sixty years before, Karl's grandfather had dug it up out of some broken-down buildings where he was working and finding it strong and whole, had taken it home. After he died they found out that it was a wonderful stove, for it had been made by a great potter named Hirschvogel.

To the children the stove was very dear indeed. In summer they laid a mat of fresh moss around it, and dressed it up with green boughs and beautiful

wild flowers. In winter, scampering home from school over the snow and ice, they were always happy, knowing that they would soon be cracking nuts or roasting chestnuts in the heat and light of the dear old stove.

All the children loved it, but Karl even more than the rest. He used to say to himself, "When I grow up I will make just such things too, and then I will set up Hirschvogel in a beautiful room that I will build myself. That's what I will do when I'm a man."

After Karl had eaten his supper, this cold night, he lay down on the floor by the stove, the children all around him, on the big wolf-skin rug. With some sticks of charcoal he drew pictures of what he had seen all day. When the children had looked enough at one picture, he would sweep it out with his elbow and make another. He drew faces, and dogs' heads, and men on sleds, and old women in their furs, and pine trees, and all sorts of animals. When they had been playing in this way for some time, Hilda, the eldest sister, said:

"It is time to go to bed, children. Father is very late to-night; you must not sit up for him."

"Oh, just five minutes more," they begged. "Hirschvogel is so warm; the beds are never so warm as he is."

In the midst of their chatter and laughter the door opened, and in blew the cold wind and snow from outside. Their father had come home. He seemed very

tired, and came slowly to his chair. At last he said, "Take the children to bed, daughter."

Karl stayed, curled up before the stove. When Hilda came back, the father said sadly: "Hilda, I have sold Hirschvogel! I have sold it to a travelling peddler, for I need money very much; the winter is so cold and the children are so hungry. The man will take it away to-morrow."

Hilda gave a cry. "Oh, father! in the middle of winter! What will the children do?" and she turned as white as the snow outside.

Karl lay half blind with sleep staring at his father. "It can't be true, it can't be true!" he cried. "You are making fun, father." It seemed to him that the skies must fall if Hirschvogel were taken away.

"Yes," said the father, "you will find it true enough. The peddler has paid half the money to-night, and will pay me the other half to-morrow when he packs up the stove and takes it away."

"Oh, father! dear father!" cried poor little Karl, "you cannot mean what you say. Send our stove away? We shall all die in the dark and cold. Listen! I will go and try to get work to-morrow. I will ask them to let me cut ice or make paths through the snow. There must be something I can do, and I will beg the people we owe money to, to wait. They are all neighbors; they will be patient. But sell Hirschvogel! Oh, never, never, never!"

The father was so sorry for his little boy that he could not speak. He looked sadly at him; then took the lamp that stood on the table and left the room.

Hilda knelt down and tried to comfort Karl, but he was too unhappy to listen. "I shall stay here,"



was all he said, and he lay there all the night long. The lamp went out; the rats came and ran across the room; the room grew colder and colder. Karl did not move, but lay with his face down on the floor by the loved rainbow-colored stove. When it grew light, his sister came down with a lamp in her hand to begin her morning work. She crept up to him, and laid her cheek on his, and said:

"Dear Karl, you must be frozen. Karl! do look up; do speak."

"Ah!" said poor Karl, "it will never be warm again."

Soon some one knocked at the door. A strange voice called through the keyhole,

"Let me in! quick! there is no time to lose. More snow like this, and the roads will be blocked. Let me in! Do you hear? I have come to take the great stove."

Hilda unfastened the door. The man came in at once, and began to wrap the stove in a great many wrappings. Then he carried it out into the snow, where an ox-cart stood in waiting. In another moment it was gone! Karl leaned against the wall, with tears falling down his pale cheeks like rain.

Hirschvogel: hīrsh'vōgəl.

THE PORCELAIN STOVE

PART II

An old neighbor came by just then, and, seeing the boy, said to him: "Child, is it true your father is selling that big painted stove?" Karl nodded his head, and began to sob again.

"I love it! I love it!" he said.

"Well, if I were you I would do better than cry. I would go after it when I grew bigger," said the

neighbor, trying to cheer him up a little. "Don't cry. You will see your stove again some day," and the old man went away, leaving a new idea in Karl's head.

"Go after it," the old man had said. Karl thought, "Why not go with it?" He loved it better than anything else in the world, even better than Hilda.

He ran after the cart which was carrying the dear Hirschvogel to the station. How he managed it he never knew very well himself, but it was certain that when the freight train moved away from the station Karl was hidden behind the stove. It was very dark, but he was not frightened. He was close beside Hirschvogel, but he wanted to be closer still; he meant to get inside the stove.

He set to work like a little mouse to make a hole in the straw. He pushed and pulled, making a hole where he guessed that the door might be. At last he found it and slipped through it, as he had so often done at home for fun, and curled himself up. He drew the straw together carefully and put the ropes in place, so that no one would have dreamed that a little mouse had been at them.

Safe inside his dear Hirschvogel, he went as fast asleep as if he were in his own little bed at home. When he awoke the darkness frightened him, but he felt the cold sides of Hirschvogel and said softly, "Take care of me, dear Hirschvogel, oh, please take care of me."

Every time the train stopped and he heard the banging, stamping and shouting, his heart seemed to jump up into his mouth. When the people came to lift the stove out, would they find him? If they did find him, would they kill him? The thought, too, of Hilda kept tugging at his heart now and then; but he said to himself, "If I can take Hirschvogel back to her, how pleased she will be."

At last the train stopped and awoke him from a half sleep. Karl felt the stove lifted by some men, who carried it to a cart. Then they started again on the journey, up hill and down, for what seemed miles and miles. Where they were going Karl had no idea.

Finally the cart stopped; then it seemed as though they were carrying the stove up some stairs. The men rested sometimes, and then moved on again, and their feet went so softly he thought they must be walking on thick carpets.

By and by the stove was set down again, happily for Karl, for he felt as though he should scream, or do something to make known that he was there. Then the wrappings were taken off and he heard a voice say, "What a beautiful stove!"

Next someone turned the round handle of the brass door, and poor Karl's heart stood still.

"What is this?" said the man. "A live child!"

Then Karl sprang out of the stove and fell at the feet of the man who had spoken.

"Oh, let me stay, please let me stay!" he said. "I have come all the way with dear Hirschvogel!"

The man answered kindly, "Poor little child! tell me how you came to hide in the stove. Do not be afraid. I am the king."

Karl was too much in earnest to be afraid; he was so glad it was the king, for kings must always be kind, he thought.

"Oh, dear king!" he said with a trembling voice, "Hirschvogel was ours, and we have loved it all our lives, and father sold it, and when I saw that it really did go from us I said to myself that I would go with it, and I do beg you to let me live with it, and I will go out every morning and cut wood for it and for all your other stoves, if only you will let me stay beside it. No one has ever fed it with wood but me since I grew big enough, and it loves me; it does indeed!"

And then he lifted up his pale little face to the king, who saw that great tears were running down his cheeks.

"Shan't I stay with Hirschvogel?" he pleaded.

"Wait a bit," said the king. "What do you want to be when you are a man? Do you want to be a wood-chopper?"

"I want to be a painter," cried Karl. "I want to be what Hirschvogel was. I mean the potter that made my Hirschvogel."

"I understand," answered the king, and he looked

down at the child, and smiled. "Get up, my little man," he said in a kind voice; "I will let you stay with your Hirschvogel. You shall stay here, and you shall be taught to be a painter, but you must grow up



to be a very good man, and when you are twenty-one years old, if you have done well, then I will give you back your beautiful stove."

Then he smiled again and stretched out his hand. Karl threw his two arms about the king's knees and kissed his feet; and then all at once he was so tired and so glad and hungry and happy, that he fainted quite away on the floor.

Then the king had a letter written to Karl's father,

telling him that Karl had drawn him some beautiful charcoal pictures and that he liked them so much he was going to take care of him until he was old enough to paint wonderful stoves like Hirschvogel.

And he did take care of him for a long time; and when Karl grew older, he often went for a few days to the old home, where his father still lived.

In the little brown house stands Hirschvogel, tall and splendid, with its peacock colors as beautiful as ever, the king's present to Hilda; and Karl never goes home without going into the great church and giving his thanks to God, who blessed his strange winter's journey in the great porcelain stove.

—KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN AND NORA A. SMITH.

(Adapted from Ouida.)

plead'ed: begged.

A MUSICAL CONTEST OF LONG AGO

Most of my young readers know the wonderful story of King Midas and the Golden Touch, how everything he laid his hands on was turned to shining, yellow metal. But there is another story about him, which, though not so well known as that of the Golden Touch, also shows that King Midas was sometimes not so wise a monarch as he should have been.

You may have heard how Pan, the god of the woods,

first made the flute from the reeds that grew by the river. Now this same Pan was a great favorite with King Midas, and the king thought him the finest musician in the world. The nymphs of the woods, also, loved to hear Pan play on his flute, and at last he became so used to hearing his praises sung that he, too, thought himself the greatest musician in the world; and one day he went so far as to ask the great god Apollo to enter with him into a contest of musical skill.

Apollo, the sun god, was the sweetest singer in the world; therefore it was a very bold thing indeed for Pan to challenge him. In spite of this, Apollo agreed to take part in the trial.

The place of meeting was a lofty hill, not far from the palace of King Midas. As judge, they chose the ruler of the mountain, a mighty king with long white locks and flowing beard, and large dreamy eyes that seemed to have looked on the hills about him for hundreds of summers and winters.

Midas, clothed in a purple robe, sat at the judge's right hand, while grouped about them were the nymphs and the satyrs, and all who were eager to be present at the coming contest. In front of the judge stood Apollo with his golden cloak and shining lyre, and Pan himself, with his goatskin flung loosely about his shoulders. A strange and beautiful picture it must have been.

Pan was the first to play, and, amid a breathless silence, he lifted his flute of reeds to his lips.

There was something in his music that belonged to the woods and the rivers. You could almost hear the gurgling of the brooks and the sighing of the wind in the trees, with now and then a strange cry, as though a wild beast had been suddenly startled from its den. Yet for the first time, the listeners found his music a little rude and wild; somehow it did not seem to fit the place or the occasion. Midas, alone, expressed great delight at his favorite's playing and called him to sit by his side.

When Pan had finished, Apollo stepped to the front. His hair gleamed like the sun's bright rays, and his eyes shone like stars. He threw open his rich golden mantle, and, seizing his lyre, began to play such sweet, heavenly music that all the listeners wept for joy. Even Pan threw down his flute before this wonderful singer, who could move people to laughter or to tears by touching the strings of his lyre.

When Apollo had finished, all the people ran up to him with cries of praise and thanks, and crowned him with a laurel wreath of victory. But Midas, foolish King Midas, said that, to his taste, Pan's music was far more beautiful than the sun god's. To punish him for this stupid use of his ears, Apollo changed them to long, furry asses' ears.

In great excitement the king locked himself in his

royal chamber and then sent for the court barber. After making him swear to keep the secret, Midas showed his asses' ears, and told the barber to make him a wig to hide the ugly things.

In a short time, the wig was on the king's head, and he sent away the barber with the threat that he would kill him if he told any one the secret. The barber, full of fear, hastened from the palace. But his secret worried him until he could neither eat nor sleep for thinking of it; and yet he dared not tell it to any one.

At last he could stand it no longer. One midnight, when every one was fast asleep, he took a spade, and walked to an open meadow which was far away from any dwelling place. In the center of it he dug a deep hole, and then, putting his mouth close to the ground, he whispered:

"King Midas wears great asses' ears."

The barber felt very much better after this, and, filling up the hole, went home with a lighter heart.

Time passed, and over the hole which the barber had dug there grew a thicket of hollow reeds; and when the wind played through them they gave forth these strange words:

"King Midas wears great asses' ears."

Soon all the king's subjects came to hear of this secret that the reeds whispered, and then they knew how Apollo had punished their king for his stupid

judgment. But Midas could not have blamed the barber, even if he had known about his midnight errand; for in truth the poor fellow had never breathed the secret to a single person.

—GRACE KUPFER.

god: a being who has greater power than any person; thus, the god of the woods ruled over the woods and all the creatures that lived in them.

—**nymphs** (nĭmfs): beautiful creatures who looked like women but were not human. They lived in the mountains, forests, meadows, and waters.

—**satyrs** (să'tĕrs): creatures of the woods, part man and part goat.

THE MOON

The moon has a face like the clock in the hall;
She shines on thieves on the garden wall,
On streets and fields and harbour quays,
And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,
The howling dog by the door of the house,
The bat that lies in bed at noon,
All love to be out by the light of the moon.

But all of the things that belong to the day
Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way;
And flowers and children close their eyes
Till in the morning the sun shall rise.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

quays (kĕs): docks where boats are loaded and unloaded.

DAVID AND GOLIATH

Saul, King of Israel, was at war with the Philistines and was encamped with his army opposite the Philistine army. Each army rested on the side of a mountain with a valley between them. While they waited and watched each other, a champion stepped out of the ranks of the Philistines to challenge some man of Israel to single combat.

This champion was a giant and his name was Goliath. His sword was so large that no ordinary man could carry it in one hand. He wore armor of heavy brass and the staff of his spear was like a great beam. Before him walked a man carrying a great shield.

"Why have you come out to set your army in battle array?" he shouted. "Choose a man from your ranks to fight with me. If he is able to kill me, then will we be your servants; but if I kill him, then shall you be our servants and serve us. I defy the army of Israel this day. Give me a man that we may fight together."

When the men of Israel heard this challenge they were very much afraid, for there was no man among all their company who could match Goliath for size and strength.

Now it happened that among the soldiers of Saul

were the three eldest sons of Jesse who lived in Bethlehem. Jesse also had a younger son named David, a strong, fine looking lad who tended the flocks on the plains of Bethlehem. David was a sweet singer and a skillful player upon the harp. His eye was steady, his muscles firm and his arm sure in throwing at a mark.

One day, while watching the flocks, there came a messenger from his father, Jesse, calling him home.

When David reached home, his father said to him: "I am anxious about my sons in the army of King Saul. Carry this parched corn and these fresh loaves of bread to them, and inquire how they are. Carry, also, these ten cheeses as a gift from me to their captain."

David rose up early in the morning, left the sheep with a keeper, took the parched corn, the fresh bread and the cheeses, and went to the army of King Saul. He found his brothers and their captain and delivered the presents and the messages from his father.

As he talked with them, the giant Goliath came up again to challenge the army of Israel, and David heard him.

"What shall be done to the man that killeth Goliath and taketh away the reproach from Israel?" asked David.

Eliab, his eldest brother, heard this question, and was angry.

"Why did you come here," asked Eliab, "and with whom did you leave those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride and the badness of thy heart. Thou art come down to see the battle."

"What have I done now?" asked David. "Is there not a reason for my coming?" Then David asked again what would be done for the man who could slay the giant.

A messenger who heard the question ran to King Saul to tell him of David, and Saul sent for David to come to him.

"Let no man be afraid because of Goliath," said David. "I, thy servant, will go and fight with him."

"Thou art not able to fight with this giant," said King Saul. "Thou art only a youth, and he has been a man of war from his youth."

"I kept my father's sheep," said David. "When there came a lion and a bear and took a lamb out of the flock, I killed both the lion and the bear, and saved the lamb. This giant shall be as one of them. The Lord that saved me from the paw of the lion and the paw of the bear will save me from the hand of Goliath."

"If you will go," said the King, "you must take my sword and my armor." But when David tried on the armor, he said, "I cannot go with these things, for I am not sure of their strength."

He took his sling in his hand, chose five smooth

stones out of the brook, put them in his shepherd's bag, and went out to meet Goliath.

When Goliath looked about and saw David he despised him, for he was but a youth. "Come to me," said Goliath, "I will give thy flesh to the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field."

"Thou comest to me," said David, "with a sword, and spear and a shield. I come to thee in the name of the God of the armies of Israel whom thou hast scorned. This day will the Lord give thee into my hands; and all the earth will know that there is a God in Israel."

When Goliath drew near to meet David, David ran to meet Goliath. David took a smooth stone from his bag, fitted it into the sling and threw it with great force. The stone struck Goliath in the forehead and he fell to the earth upon his face.

David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling and a stone, and there was no sword in the hand of David.

Israel: iz'rā-el.—**Philistine:** fi-lis'tin.—**cham'pion:** in this case, champion means one who acts or fights for another or others. Sometimes it means one who has overcome all rivals in a contest.—**Goliath:** gō-lī'āth.—**single combat:** a fight in which there is only one person on each side.—**in battle array:** in the order in which they would be to start fighting.—**parched corn:** dried corn.—**taketh away the reproach:** takes away the shame or disgrace, in this case, the shame of having Goliath challenge them without their sending out some one against him.—**Eliab:** ē-lī'āb.—**prevailed over:** gained the victory over.



PIPPA PASSES

Pippa lived in a great factory town. It was a beautiful old city with hills on either side and a broad, clear river winding and turning in and out through the place. Great mills were built on the banks of this river, that its power might turn the machinery in each. There were many of these mills, for here were manufactured great bolts of silk and hundreds of spools of silk every day.

The mills furnished work for thousands of people. Nearly every child who was old enough worked in the factories, and they were proud of their old town, proud of the wonderful silks, which were sent out to all parts of the world, and happy and contented in their work.

Little Pippa worked in one of the great mills every day. She loved the bright colors of the dyes, loved to guide the shining threads truly and firmly on the shuttle or spool. She was happy when she met a beautiful woman, clothed in wonderful silks, for she would whisper softly to herself: "How beautiful you are! I helped to make you look beautiful."

Every week day but one Pippa worked in the factory. One day in the year she had for her very own, one bright, perfect, wonderful day. Pippa called it "my own day!" She was glad when the Sabbath came, glad to go into the great, dim, wonderfully lighted church, and the Sabbath she called "God's day"; but this one day was her own. From morning till night she could do what she pleased.

Her day always came in the summer, when the sun shone the longest, the flowers were the brightest, and the birds sang their sweetest songs.

One day, when she came home from work, she said: "To-morrow will be my own day." And before she went to sleep she looked out at the great starry heaven and whispered softly: "Please make my day a bright day."

She slept soundly all night, as tired children do, and when she opened her eyes in the morning her first thought was: "Is it a sunny day?"

Jumping out of bed, she ran to the window and put her bright face out; and, oh, what a sunny world she looked on! The sunshine and the nodding flowers filled her heart with joy, and she sang her happiest, gladdest song:

"The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;

The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world."

She dressed quickly, ate her simple breakfast, and went out of doors, for she always spent her own day, if possible, in the woods. The woods were a long way from her house, but she loved to walk, and she ran, singing all the way, her little bare feet making funny marks in the sand. Little Pippa wore shoes only in the coldest weather.

As she went, singing all the way, she passed a house where a blind woman lived. The blind woman was sitting on her porch, sad and still. She thought the world a dreary place to live in, very dark and lonely, but, as Pippa ran by her, she heard her glad little song:

"God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world."

It made her day bright, and she said: "Why, it's true; all's well with my world. God's in His heaven."

Little Pippa ran, singing, along, and she passed the house of a great artist, a man who painted such wonderful pictures that they seemed to be almost living. But this morning his paints did not work to please him, and he could not find a picture to paint, and he felt dissatisfied and unhappy.

Then suddenly he heard Pippa's clear voice caroling like a bird as she ran by. He hurried to the door and saw Pippa, her face raised to the sky she loved so dearly, her hat hanging by the strings around her neck, her hair shining like gold in the sun, and her little bare, white feet pattering along, as her voice rang out, clear and sweet:

"God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world."

So the artist painted her picture, just as he saw her, and he called it "Joy." It was a wonderful picture, the most beautiful picture he had ever painted.

Pippa ran on and on, until she came to a man sitting by the roadside who should have been doing his Master's work, but he was discouraged, and did not feel brave enough, or good enough, or strong enough. When he heard Pippa's song, and saw her flit by, suddenly he knew that he was strong and brave and good. So he rose and went about his Master's work.

Pippa ran on, and she found her woods. Never before did the birds sing so merrily, the river shine and ripple and gurgle so cheerily, or more perfect flowers grow for her pleasure. All the wonders of the woods came out to add to her joy, and she went home with her dress full of flowers.

Perhaps she was tired, but she was happy and she whispered softly to the stars: "I did not find any one

to help, so I just helped myself to be happy and good and full of joy. You understand, O God, in Your heaven."

—MRS. E. O. PERRIAM.

bolt of silk: a roll of silk, usually containing about forty yards.—
shuttle: an instrument used in weaving. It passes a thread from side to side and in and out among the threads which are stretched up and down.

TO-DAY

So here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity
This new day was born;
Into Eternity,
At night, will return.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did;
So soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

WHAT BROKE THE CHINA PITCHER

It was a winter night, still, bright, and cold. The wagon wheels and footsteps creaked loudly as they ground into the crisp snow, and even the great, solemn moon looked frosty and cold.

Katrina stood by the sitting-room window, looking out.

"It is going to be a dreadful night," said father, stirring the fire; "it is growing colder every minute."

"Is it?" said mother. "Then, Katrina, you must run upstairs and empty the china pitcher in the spare room."

"Yes," said Katrina, but she did not go, for she was looking out at the moonlight, and mother was rocking baby to sleep.

Fifteen minutes passed. Baby was going to "By-low Land" fast, and mother spoke again:

"Come, Katrina, go and see to the pitcher. It was grandma's Christmas present, and we shouldn't like to have it broken."

"Yes, mother," said Katrina. "I will go in a minute."

"Well, dear, be sure to remember," said mother, and she went off to put baby into her crib. At that moment in came Jamie with a pair of shining new skates, and Katrina forgot all about the pitcher as

soon as she saw them. Just outside the window stood the Cold, listening and watching; and now he chuckled and snapped his icy fingers.

- “That little girl will never empty the pitcher,” he said to himself; “she’s one of the careless kind. Oh, I know them. Let me see, where is the spare room, the one for company? I’ll go and spend the night in it. Where is it, I wonder? I will hunt it up.”

He knew better than to try to get into the cozy sitting-room, with its bright fire, so he slipped softly around the house and peeped in through the kitchen window. Inside was a large stove glowing with coal, and a tea-kettle sending out a cloud of steam.

He shook his head and muttered: “That is no place for me; the heat in there would kill me in a minute, I must look farther.”

He went on, peeping in at one window after another, until he saw a room with no fire. “Ah,” he whispered, “this must be the place. Yes; that is the very pitcher I am going to break; and, if here isn’t a fine crack to let me in!” So in he went.

“It is a pretty room,” he said, “and it seems a pity to spoil such a handsome pitcher; but Katrina should not have left the water in it.”

He stole noiselessly along, chilling everything he touched, until he reached the washstand. Up the stand he went, nearer and nearer to the pitcher, until he could look into it.

"Not much water," he whispered, "but I can make it do;" and he spread his icy fingers over it.

"Oh," cried the water, "I am so cold!" and it shrank more and more.

Very soon it called out: "If you don't go away, Cold, I shall certainly freeze!"

"Good," laughed the Cold, "that is just what I want you to do."

All at once the air was filled with many little voices that seemed to come from the pitcher, sharp and clear like tinkling sleigh bells in Fairyland.

"Hurrah!" they cried; "the Cold is making us into beautiful crystals. Oh, won't it be jolly, jolly!"

At that, the Cold pushed his finger into the water and it began to freeze. Then a wonderful thing happened. The drops began arranging themselves in rows and lines that everywhere crossed each other; but they pushed so hard that the pitcher cried out:

"Please stop pushing me so hard, I am afraid I shall break."

"We can't stop," said the drops. "We are freezing, and we must have more room;" and they kept on spreading and arranging themselves.

The poor pitcher groaned, and called again: "Don't, don't. I can't stand it." But it did no good. The drops kept on saying: "We must have more room." And they pushed steadily and so hard that, at last, with a loud cry, the pitcher cracked.

The Cold looked around to see if there was any more mischief he could do. When he found there was none, he stole softly away through the crack in the window.

Just outside was Jack Frost, looking for a good place to hang his pictures. The Cold told him about the pitcher, and away they went together, laughing as if it were a good joke.

Upstairs in her snug little bed Katrina lay, and dreamed that grandma's pitcher was dancing on the counterpane, in brother Jamie's new skates.

—MARY HOWLISTON.

FULFILLED

PART I

One Christmas Eve two poor travelers came to a farmhouse and begged a night's lodging. Nay, said the people of the house, they had no room for travelers and beggars!

So the wayfarers went on their way until they came to a cottage where lived a poor farm-laborer and his wife. They knocked at the door and asked if they might spend the night there. They were told that they might stay, and welcome, if they would put up with such as was there, for the laborer and his wife were only very humble folk.

The strangers thanked them very warmly, and en-

tered the house. They had not been there long when the wife whispered to her husband:

"We must see if we can not find something nice for our guests, on the eve of such a holy festival. We must kill our little kid."

"Yes, let us do that," said the man.

So they killed the kid, and roasted it for supper, and they ate and were glad of heart that holy eve.

When bedtime came, they gave their guests their own bed, which was the only one they had, and then they spread some straw upon the floor and slept there.

Next morning they all went to church together, and the cottagers begged the travelers to stay with them the two feast-days. "For, now there is that good meat," said they, "you must help us to eat it."

The strangers agreed to do this, and stayed with them both Christmas Day and the day following.

On the morning of the third day, when they were to leave, the travelers thanked the cottagers for their hospitality. They were sorry, they said, that they had nothing to give in payment.

"Oh, that does not matter at all!" said both the man and his wife; "we did not take you in for the sake of any reward."

Just as they were going out of the door, however, one of the strangers said:

"But had the kid no horns?"

"Oh, yes," replied the man, "but they are worth

nothing." He thought perhaps the strangers had some use for horns, and wished to ask for them.

"How many horns had the kid?" asked the traveler again.

"Two," answered the man, much surprised.

"Well, then, you may have two wishes," said the visitor; "choose for yourselves."

But the man said they wished for nothing save their daily bread, a peaceful life in this world, and heaven when they died.

"God grant it!" said the stranger; "we will come again in a year's time." And they went their way.

From that day forward everything thrived and prospered in the most wonderful manner with the cottagers. Everything that had been sown, or that they now sowed in their little bit of land, brought forth a hundredfold. Thus they became quite well-to-do, and they set to work building and adding to their house, making it much larger and lighter.

Meanwhile they looked forward with gladness to Christmastime, when the two strangers should come again, for they knew very well they had to thank them for all this prosperity.

Their neighbors and the village-folk wondered greatly at all the good things that kept streaming in upon them; and the people at the farm close by, where the two travelers had been refused admittance, wondered most of all.

When they heard, what the poor cottagers themselves made no secret of, that all this prosperity was owing to the goodness of the two wayfarers who had been their guests last Christmas, they were bitterly angry, and considered it had been as good as stolen from them, for they might have had the wishes if they had taken the travelers in.

When these same neighbors heard that the strangers had promised to come again at Christmas, they begged and entreated the good-natured cottagers to promise them that when the travelers arrived they would send them on to the farm.

way'farer: a traveler.—**hōspītāl'ity**: kindness to strangers or guests.
—**thrived**: another word for prospered, succeeded.

FULFILLED

PART II

On Christmas Eve, at twilight, the same two travelers came and knocked at the cottage door. Both the man and his wife ran out to meet them and thank them for all the prosperity that had come to them from their visit.

The strangers then asked if they could pass the night there, and spend Christmas with them. Yes, said the man and his wife, nothing would have pleased them so well, but they had promised the people at the farm close by that they would send the strangers over

to them when they came. The people at the farm were so sorry that they had sent the strangers away last year, and were anxious now to make up for it.

"As you will," answered the strangers; "we will go over there this evening, but early in the morning we will go to church with you."

So they went to the farm.

A boy had been stationed at the door to keep a lookout for them, and he at once ran in and announced their coming. Both the farmer and his wife rushed out to meet their guests, and with many apologies for having sent them away last year, led them into the best parlor.

The farmer had killed a fat ox, and his wife had roasted it for them; so there was soup and roast meat, and cake and good ale, and old mead and wine into the bargain. They had a room to themselves in the upper story, with two large beds in it, with feather mattresses and pillows.

Next morning the strangers were up early, and the farmer and his wife begged them to stay at least over Christmas; but the wayfarers said they must be leaving, as they intended going to church and afterward continuing their journey. The farmer thereupon harnessed his horses to his best carriage. "They must not walk there, they should drive," he said.

They thanked him politely, and, before leaving,

one said to his host and hostess that they did not know what return they could make for the hospitality shown them, for they had no money. "But wait," he added, "had the ox any horns?"

"Yes, indeed, sure enough it had," answered the farmer. Having heard from the cottagers of the talk there had been last year about the kid's horns, he understood at once what his guest meant.

"How many horns had it?" asked the stranger.

The wife, pulling her husband by the sleeve, whispered, "Say four."

So the man answered that the ox had four horns.

"Ah!" said the stranger, "then you can have four wishes, two for each of you."

And they got into the carriage and drove to the church where the cottagers were awaiting them.

The farmer himself had driven them, and he made all possible haste to get back home again, when, he said to himself, he and his wife would settle about their four wishes. He was just thinking of this when one of the animals stumbled and broke a trace. The farmer was obliged to get down and mend it. Then he drove on, but it was not long before the other horse stumbled.

"Ah! the wicked elves take you both!" he cried, and hardly had he said this before both the animals vanished, and there he sat in the carriage, with the reins in his hands, but nothing to drive. So he had

to leave the carriage standing there, and continue his journey on foot.

Here was one of his wishes fulfilled.

But he did not trouble himself much about that when he remembered that he and his wife still had



three more. He could easily get as many horses as he wanted, together with many other good things. So he trudged quite contentedly along the high road.

Meantime his wife was at home, waiting and waiting and longing for her husband to come that they might begin to wish. She went outside and looked up the road, but he was not in sight.

"If he were only here, the lazy bones!" she exclaimed, and as she spoke there he stood.

"Ah!" she cried, "now I have wasted one of my wishes! But how is it you come trudging along like

any vagabond? What have you done with the carriage and horses?"

"I wished the wicked elves might take my best horses, and they have taken them. You have only yourself to thank. There is no luck in such cheating. It was you who said the ox had four horns. I only wish two of them were sticking out of your own head."

And as soon as he had spoken, there they were.

Three out of their four wishes had now been fulfilled, and the only one left belonged to the woman.

"Dear little wife," said her husband coaxingly, "now make a good use of your wish and ask for a heap of money, that all may be well."

"No, thank you," answered the woman, "and I going about with a pair of horns until the day of my death!"

Determined not to do that at any cost, she straightway wished the wicked elves might take the horns, and in an instant they vanished.

Thus the farmer and his wife were no richer for all their wishes, but rather the poorer by a pair of horses and an ox.

—KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN AND NORA A. SMITH.

mead: a kind of sweet drink.—**host**: a man who entertains others at his house.—**host'ess**: a woman who entertains others at her house.—**trace**: a strap, rope, or chain that stretches from the horse's collar to the wagon.—**trudged**: walked along.—**vag'abond**: one who wanders from place to place



AN ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND STORY

If you had only been in the right place at the right time and had looked in the right direction, you might have seen all this yourself; but since not one of you was anywhere near the Palace of the Future when its great doors swung slowly open, you did not see the people—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve of them—as they came out. But they did come, nevertheless, and looked about them in a puzzled way as if they did not know what to do or where to go.

Before they had much time to wonder, however, an old man stepped forward and greeted them heartily.

"Glad to see you, friends! Glad to see you. I knew you would come if I sent for you. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. That's right, you are all here. And now I suppose you would like to know why I sent for you."

The twelve friends said they would indeed.

"Look, then," said Father Time, for that was the old man's name; and he opened his big cloak, which he had been holding close about him.

The twelve crowded near to see, and what they saw was well worth looking at, for it was a dear, sweet, tiny baby, laughing and cooing and stretching up its pretty hands to be taken.

"There!" said Father Time, "that's my youngest child and his name is New Year. I do not want him to be all alone during his visit up on the earth, and besides, there are so many things to be sent with him that he could not possibly carry them all."

"Oh! I'll go with him!" "And I!" "And I!" shouted the twelve in chorus.

"Softly, softly," said Father Time. "You cannot all go at once, but you shall each have your turn. You shall each carry something for little New Year. My storehouse is right here and we can plan now what you shall each take, so as to have no confusion later. Come, January, you must be the first."

"I will carry this banner," said January; and he brought a beautiful silken flag from the storehouse. On it was "Happy New Year" in flashing golden letters. January had a large pack upon his back. This was full of snow, with which he intended to make snowy hillsides where the children might coast.

"February," called Father Time; and a little fellow

stepped forward and ran into the storehouse. Presently he came out with a package of valentines in one hand and George Washington's picture in the other.

"You have chosen well," said Father Time, "valentines for fun, and George Washington's picture to remind people of that good man."

"March!" "March where?" said February. "March!" said Father Time, a trifle sternly.

"Oh, excuse me," said February, skipping off to talk with January.

March was rather a wild looking fellow, and very noisy and excited; but he showed that he had a good heart and liked to make people happy. When he came out of the storehouse, behold! he had chosen kites for the children to fly, a big bunch of silvery pussy willows, and a few, a very few, flowers, just one or two daffodils and crocuses and some spears of green grass.

"But see," said he, "and listen! This is my greatest treasure and the one that will be best loved." And there was a warbling bluebird perched upon his hand.

"April!" called Father Time.

April danced forth from the waiting group, curtisied to Father Time, and ran to the storehouse. She brought out a lapful of violets and a flock of robins.

"Right, right!" said Father Time.

"And now, May, run in and choose your burden."

Another pretty maiden answered this call; and a beautiful sight she was, especially after she had

been in the storehouse. She was laden with apple blossoms and wreaths, and carried a long pole; and she walked to the sound of music, for velvety bees hummed about her and birds of many kinds filled the air with their warbling.

"Music and dancing and flowers!" said May. "The children shall have a merry time when I am with them."

"Have you forgotten the soldiers?" asked Father Time.

"Oh! no," said May, a tender look upon her bright face. "The most and best of my flowers are for Memorial Day."

May took her place with those who had gone before, and Father Time called, "June!" saying: "Hasten all you can, dear June, for there are still many to follow you."

So June made no delay in choosing, but chose well, nevertheless, for she brought roses in such profusion that one could scarcely see her lovely face peeping out from among the flowery branches.

"Strawberries, too, good Father Time," said June; "I couldn't resist taking the strawberries, too."

Father Time smiled fondly. People always smile upon June, for every one loves her.

"July!" called Father Time.

Into the storehouse and out again in a trice bounded a lively boy.

"The minute I saw these I knew they were what I wanted," said he, showing Father Time a package of fireworks and waving an American flag.

"Hurrah!" cried Father Time, "that's right!. But have you also the book of American history?"

"Here it is," said July; "these things were fastened to it, so I brought them all along together."

"Right again," said Father Time. "Flags and fireworks wouldn't be of much account without that. Now, August, go see what you would like."

August returned with golden sheaves bound upon his back, and carrying a great flower-decked basket.

"In the basket I have put as much fruit as I can carry," said August; "and yet there is so much left that whoever takes the rest will have a rich load."

"That shall be you, September," said Father Time. "Nothing would suit you better, I am sure, with your warm heart and your strong arms."

September accordingly loaded himself with beautiful fruits—apples, pears, peaches, grapes—not a bit less delicious than those which August had brought.

October was next called. He was a breezy fellow.

"Ha, ha!" he laughed. "Who will be welcomed more than I, with these ripe nuts and these beautiful colored leaves!"

"Oh!" said Father Time, "I fear my storehouse has no more treasures. Each one of you has taken so much. Go, look, November."

November came forward rather sadly, but looked cheerful enough after his return from the storehouse. He fairly staggered under the weight of the golden pumpkins and the big fat turkeys which he carried.

"What do you say to these?" said he triumphantly. "But the best thing is in my pocket, a paper which tells that Thanksgiving Day belongs to me."

"True enough," assented Father Time. "And now, December," said he turning to the last waiting figure, "you, I know, will find no warbling birds nor budding flowers; yet are you, above all others, a joy bearer."

December disappeared into the storehouse; but soon stepped out transfigured. No warbling birds had she, indeed, but lacked not for music; for snatches of gladdest carols burst from her lips from time to time. No fresh flowers bloomed for her in beauty and fragrance, but holly berries gleamed brightly among glossy green leaves and a delicious odor came from the little fir tree which she carried over her shoulder. Looking up, one could see a large star which shed its silvery rays upon her.

But the wondrous light that shone all about was not from star or moon or sun, but from a picture in her hand upon which she fixed her gaze. The picture was of a baby lying in a manger.

Father Time's eyes softened as he looked upon it, and his voice was full of love as he said: "Ah the best

of days and the best of gifts is yours, December. Fitting it is that you should be the last and that the love and joy that you bear should be left to the earth as the last memory of the year.

"And now, friends all," said Father Time, "will you kindly form in a procession so that each may know certainly when his turn will come?"

The twelve laden friends did as Father Time requested and filed slowly past him. He called their names as they went by, that there should be no mistake: "January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December." All were in their right places.

—EMILIE POULSSON.

profu'sion: plenty, a great many.—**in a trice**: in an instant.—**sheaves**: bundles of stalks of grain bound together.—**assent'ed**: agreed.—**transfig'ured**: changed in appearance.

THE WORLD'S MUSIC

The world's a very happy place,
Where every child should dance and sing,
And always have a smiling face,
And never sulk for anything.

I waken when the morning's come,
And feel the air and light alive
With strange sweet music like the hum
Of bees about their busy hive.

The linnets play among the leaves
 At hide-and-seek, and chirp and sing;
 While, flashing to and from the eaves,
 The swallows twitter on the wing.

The twigs that shake, and boughs that sway;
 And tall old trees you could not climb;
 And winds that come, but cannot stay,
 Are gaily singing all the time.

From dawn to dark the old mill-wheel
 Makes music, going round and round;
 And dusty-white with flour and meal,
 The miller whistles to its sound.

And if you listen to the rain
 When leaves and birds and bees are dumb,
 You hear it pattering on the pane
 Like Andrew beating on his drum.

—GABRIEL SETOUN.

BERGETTA'S MISFORTUNES

Old Bergetta lay asleep on the doorstep in the sun.
 This morning she was having a beautiful nap in the
 spring sunshine. Her two little white fore paws were
 gathered in under her chin, and she had encircled her-
 self with her tail in the most comfortable way.

Now and then she lifted her sleepy lids and winked

a little, and perhaps she saw, or did not see, the bright blue ocean at the end of the rocky slope before her, and the outline of Appledore Island across the sparkling water, and the white sails here and there, and the white clouds dreaming in the fresh sky of spring.

Presently a sound broke the stillness, very slight and far off; but she heard it, and pricked up her pretty pink-lined ears and listened.

Two men, bearing a large basket between them, came in sight, approaching the house from the beach. The basket seemed heavy; the men held each a handle of it, and very silently went with it round to the back entrance of the house.

Bergetta settled her head once more upon her folded paws, and tried to go to sleep again. But the thought of the basket prevented.

What could be inside that basket?

She got up, stretched herself, and lightly and noiselessly made her way round to the back door and went in. The basket stood in the middle of the floor.

Bergetta wasn't afraid. She went slowly toward it to investigate its contents, but when quite close to it she became aware of a curious noise going on inside of it, a rustling, crunching, dull, clashing sound which was as strange as it was alarming. She stopped and listened.

Suddenly a queer object thrust itself up over the edge of the basket, and a strange shape began to rise

gradually into sight. Two long, dark, slender feelers waved about in the air for a moment; two clumsy claws grasped the rim of the basket; and a dark bottle-green-colored body patched with red, bristling with points and knobs, and cased in hard, jointed armor, rose into view.

It was a living lobster.

You who have never seen a living lobster would be quite as astonished as the cat was. When you see these shell-fish they have been boiled and are bright scarlet all over. But a living lobster seems a mixture of spider and dragon. Its jet-black shining eyes are set on short stalks and stick out from its head, and the round balls turn about on their stems to look around the world. It has a long, jointed tail, which it claps together with a loud clash, and with which it draws itself backward wonderfully fast.

Such was the hard and horny monster that raised itself out of the basket and fell with a loud noise all in a heap on the floor before Bergetta. She drew back in alarm, and then sat down at a safe distance to watch this strange creature.

For a long time all was still. The lobster lay just where it had landed. Inside the basket a faint stirring and rustling and clashing was heard from the other lobsters, that was all.

Very soon Bergetta felt herself becoming very much bored with this state of things. She crept a little nearer the basket.

"I needn't be afraid of that thing," thought she, "it doesn't move any more."

Nearer and nearer she crept. At last she reached the lobster. She put out her paw and touched its hard shell. It took no notice of this, though it saw Bergetta with its queer eyes on stilts.

She tried another little pat, whereat the lobster waved its long feelers, that streamed away over its back in the air, far beyond its tail.

That was charming. Bergetta was delighted. The monster was really playful! She gave him another little pat with her soft paw, and then playfully boxed his ears, or the place where his ears ought to be. Still the lobster scarcely stirred.

Bergetta continued to tease the lobster. It was such fun! First with the right and then with the left paw she gave him little cuffs and pushes and pats which moved him no more than a rock. At last he seemed to become suddenly aware that he was being treated with more familiarity than was agreeable from an entire stranger, and began to move his great front claws uneasily.

Still Bergetta frisked about him, until he thrust out his eight smaller claws with a gesture of displeasure, and opened and shut the clumsy teeth of the larger ones in a way that was quite dreadful to behold.

"This is very funny," thought Bergetta. "I wonder what it means!" and she pushed her little white

paw directly between the teeth of the larger claw which was opening and shutting slowly. Instantly the two sides snapped together with a tight grip, and Bergetta uttered a scream of pain.

Alas, alas! In vain she tried to get away; the lobster's claw clasped her delicate paw in a grasp alto-



gether too close for comfort. Crying with fear and distress, Bergetta danced about all over the room; and everywhere Bergetta danced the lobster, too, was sure to go. Up and down, over and across they went in the wildest kind of a jig. Such a noise! Bergetta crying and the lobster clattering, and the two bouncing about together!

At last some one heard the noise, and coming to the rescue thrust a stick between the clumsy teeth and loosened the grip of the cruel claw. Poor Bergetta limped off to comfort herself as best she might.

For days she went limping about, so lame she could hardly creep round the house. When at last she began to feel a little better, she strayed one day into the same room, and seeing what she rightly guessed to be a pan of milk on the table, jumped first into a chair, and then up on the table to investigate. Naughty Bergetta!

When she lifted up her head after her first taste of the cream oh, horror!—what did she see?

Just opposite her on the table was another lobster with its long feelers bristling. It had been boiled, by the way, but of course Bergetta could not know this comforting fact. Bright scarlet, with its dull dark eyes pointed straight at her, there it lay.

Now it was washing day, and just under the edge of the table, behind Bergetta, on the floor, a tub full of hot suds had been left.

So eager had she been to look into the milk-pan, that she had not discovered the tub before, and now her fright was so great that she gave one leap backward and fell, splash! into the tub of warm suds.

Dear, dear! what a commotion! With eyes, ears, nose, and mouth full of soapy foam, she crawled out of it and ran to the door, leaving a long stream of suds on the floor as she went.

Poor Bergetta! —CELIA THAXTER. (*Adapted.*)

Bergetta: bër-jët'tá.—**invest'igate:** try to find out.—**drag'on:** an imaginary animal, supposed to be something like a serpent.—**bored:** wearied by dullness.—**commō'tion:** disturbance, disorder.

THE LEGEND OF THE ARBUTUS

In the North Country there once lived an old, old man all alone in his wigwam among the pine trees. His hair and beard were long and white, and he wore a bearskin to keep him warm.

All about his wigwam it was winter. The little brooks were locked fast under their ice, the wind cried in the trees, and not a squirrel or a blue jay was to be seen. The old man crouched over his bit of fire and shivered because he was so cold.

But one day there came through the woods a beautiful maiden. Her cheeks were as pink as roses, her eyes were as soft and dark as the skies at twilight, and her hair was as brown as October's nuts. The most beautiful thing of all was this: wherever she stepped on the frozen ground with her white slippers made of lilies, the dew fell and the sweet grasses and ferns grew.

So she came to the old man's wigwam. Her breath was as sweet as clover, and when she entered the tent it became warm and fragrant, like a June day.

"Why do you come here?" asked the old man. "I have breathed on the woods, and it is winter."

"When I breathe," said the maiden, softly, "the violet and the wind-flower blossom."

"I shake my locks," said the old man, "and snow covers all the earth."

"I toss my curls," said the maiden, "and the warm rain falls."

"When I walk among the trees, the leaves fall, the squirrels and the beavers hide, and the blue jay and the wild geese fly south."

"When I come," said the maiden, "the branches break into leaves, the brooks sing, and the birds fly back again."

And as the maiden spoke, the air in the wigwam grew warmer and warmer, and the old man lay down upon the ground, for his eyes were heavy with sleep. The maiden kneeled down beside him and just rested her warm fingers on his forehead. And where the old man had lain there was, all at once, only a mass of green leaves with soft moss growing all about.

"I am stronger than the winter," said the maiden.

Then she took from her dress the loveliest pink and white flowers, and she hid them under the green leaves.

"I will give you my most precious flowers," she said, "and my sweetest breath, but whoever picks you, Arbutus, must kneel, as I do."

Then the maiden floated away over the woods, the hills, and the plains, and wherever she went the flowers sprang up and summer came upon the earth.

—FROM AN INDIAN MYTH.

wig'wam: an Indian house. It is in the shape of a cone and is made of poles and skins.—**ārbū'tūs**: a little pink and white flower which grows close to the ground and blossoms early in the spring.

THE BOY-LIFE OF LINCOLN

He was long; he was strong; he was wiry. He was never sick, was always good-natured, never a bully, always a friend of the weak, the small and the unprotected.

He must have been a strange looking boy. His skin was sallow, and his hair was black. He wore a linsey-woolsey shirt, buckskin breeches, a coon-skin cap, and heavy "clumps" of shoes. He grew so fast that his breeches never came down to the tops of his shoes, and, since he did not wear stockings, you could always see "twelve inches of shinbones," sharp, blue, and narrow, between his shoes and his breeches leg.

He laughed much, was always ready to give and take jokes and hard knocks, had a squeaky, changing voice, a small head, big ears—and was always what Thackeray called a "gentleman."

Such was Abraham Lincoln at fifteen.

He was never cruel, mean, or unkind. His first composition was on cruelty to animals, written because he had tried to make the other boys stop "teasin' tarrypins," that is, catching turtles and putting hot coals on their backs just to make them move along lively.

He had to work hard at home; for his father

would not work, and things needed to be attended to if "the place" was to be kept from dropping to pieces.

He became a great reader. He read every book and newspaper he could get hold of, and if he came across anything in his reading that he wished to remember he would copy it on a shingle, because writing paper was scarce, and either learn it by heart or hide the shingle away until he could get some paper to copy it on. His father thought he read too much.

"It will spoil him for work," he said. "He doesn't do half enough about the place, as it is now, and books and paper are no good."

But Abraham, with all his reading, did more work than his father any day; his stepmother, too, took his side and at last got her husband to let the boy read and study at home.

"Abe was a good son to me," she said, many years after, "and we took particular care when he was reading not to disturb him. We would just let him read on and on till he stopped of his own accord."

The boy kept a sort of shingle scrap-book; he kept a paper scrap-book, too. Into these he would put whatever he cared to keep, poetry, history, funny sayings, fine passages. He had a scrap-book for his arithmetic "sums," too, and one of these is still in existence with this boyish rhyme in a boyish

scrawl, underneath one of his tables of weights and measures:

Abraham Lincoln
his hand and pen
he will be good but
god knows When.

God did know when; and that boy, all unknowingly, was working toward the day when his hand and pen were to do more for humanity than any other hand or pen of modern times.

Lamps and candles were almost unknown in his home, and Abraham, flat on his stomach, would often do his reading, writing, and ciphering in the firelight, as it flashed and flickered on the big hearth of his log-cabin home.

One day Abraham found that a man for whom he sometimes worked owned a copy of Weems's "Life of Washington." This was a famous book in its day. Abraham borrowed it at once. When he was not reading it, he put it away on a shelf, a board resting on wooden pins. There was a big crack between the logs behind the shelf, and one rainy day the "Life of Washington" fell into the crack and was soaked almost into pulp.

Old Mr. Crawford, from whom Abraham borrowed the book, was a cross, cranky, and sour old fellow, and when the boy told him of the accident he said Abraham must "work the book out."

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The boy agreed, and the old farmer kept him so strictly to his promise that he made him "pull fodder" for the cattle three days, as payment for the book! And that is the way that Abraham Lincoln bought his first book. For he dried the copy of Weems's "Life of Washington" and put it in his "library." But what boy or girl of to-day would like to buy books at such a price?

This was the boy-life of Abraham Lincoln. It was a life of poverty, privation, hard work, little play and less money. The boy did not love work. But he worked. His father was rough and often harsh and hard to him, and whatever Abraham learned was by making the most of his spare time.

—ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

bully: one who threatens those weaker than himself.—**sal'low**: of a yellowish color.—**lin'sey-wool'sey**: cloth made of linen and wool mixed.—**human'ity**: mankind, the human race.—**ciphering** (s' fēr-ing).—doing examples in arithmetic.—**pull fodder**: pull off the leaves or blades from cornstalks for food or fodder.—**privā'tion**: need.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared:
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst the pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God!

—FELICIA HEMANS.

exiles: people who have had to leave their native country.—**hoary:** white with age.—**spoils:** things taken by force.—**shrine:** a sacred place.



THE PUNISHMENT OF ARACHNE

In an ancient city of Greece, there lived a young girl named Arachne, whose parents had once been very poor and humble. Arachne, however, brought wealth and comfort into their little cottage, through her great skill in spinning and embroidering.

Such beautiful things did she fashion with her wool, and so graceful did she look as she worked with her spindle, that great lords and ladies came from every part of the land to see her at her work. Her name was famous throughout Greece, and princes and merchants paid her great prices for her wonderful embroidery.

So, as I said, wealth and comfort took the place of poverty in Arachne's home, and the parents blessed their daughter, and all of them lived very happily. Thus it might have gone on until they died, had not Arachne's head been turned by the praises that were showered upon her from all sides.

She became so vain about her work that she could think of nothing but how wonderful she was. One day she boasted that, though she was only a humble girl, she was far more skillful than the goddess Minerva. Minerva was the goddess of wisdom and of war; but in her spare moments she amused herself by doing just such work as had made Arachne fa-

mous, embroidery in wool, or tapestry, as it was called.

Now there was no fault that displeased the gods more than conceit; so when Minerva heard of the girl's bold speech, she was much astonished, and thought she would visit Arachne to see what she meant by her boast.

Accordingly, she took the form of an old, gray-haired woman, and, leaning on her staff, as though too feeble to stand up straight, she came into the little room where Arachne sat spinning. She joined the circle that surrounded the maiden at her work, and listened to the girl's boastful claim that she could outdo Minerva herself in skill.

Then the old woman spoke: "My daughter," she said, laying her hand on Arachne's shoulder, "listen to the advice of an old woman who has had much experience in life. Be content to rule as queen of your art among women, but do not compare yourself with the gods. Ask pardon for the foolish words you have just spoken. I promise you that Minerva will grant it."

But the young girl only looked cross and ugly, as she answered in a very churlish tone, "You are an old woman and you speak like one. Let Minerva come and try her skill with mine, and I will prove my words. She is afraid of the test, or else why does she not come?"

Then Minerva dropped her staff and cried, "Lo! she is come!" and she took on her true shape and

showed herself in all her godlike splendor. The bystanders fell upon the ground and worshiped her. But Arachne, foolish Arachne, held her head high, and did not show the least fear or awe; on the contrary, she again asked Minerva to enter into a trial of skill.

Without more words, the goddess and the humble girl took their stand, each before an empty loom, and began to work in silence. The group behind them was breathless with wonder and awe.

In the center of Minerva's loom there soon appeared figures telling the story of a famous contest in which the gods had taken part; and into each of the four corners she wove a picture of the fate that had overtaken daring mortals who had opposed the gods. These were meant as a warning to Arachne.

But Arachne worked on at her loom, with the color glowing in her cheeks and her breath coming very fast. And such beauty as grew under her skillful fingers! You could almost see the birds fly and hear the lapping of the waves on the shore, and the clouds seemed floating through real air. But the stories that she pictured were all chosen to show that even the gods could sometimes make mistakes.

When she laid down her spindle, Minerva, in spite of her anger at the girl's boldness, was forced to admit that Arachne had won the contest. But this only made her wrath the greater; and when Arachne saw the look of anger in Minerva's face, she suddenly felt how

foolish and wrong she had been. It was too late now for repentance. The goddess seized the beautiful web, and tore it into shreds. Then she raised her shuttle and struck Arachne three times on the head.



Arachne was too proud to submit to such treatment. She seized a rope which lay near her on the floor, and would have hung herself, to end her shame and sorrow, but Minerva held her back and cried, "Nay, you shall live, wicked girl, but henceforth you shall hang from a thread, and all your race shall bear the same punishment forever."

In an instant Arachne's hair fell off, and her face became so small that her body looked very large next to it, though in reality it, too, had diminished in size. Her fingers were changed into ugly spider's legs and hanging from her thread, she spun and spun forever.

If you can find a dusty old corner in an attic, or if you will look closely along your garden wall, perhaps you will see, if not Arachne herself, at least one of her race, spinning and spinning away at a web, as a punishment for that foolish girl's vanity.

—GRACE KUPFER.

Arachne: à-rák'nē.—**Minerva:** mīn-ēr'vā.—**chur'lish:** rude.—**mor'tals:** human beings, people.—**submit':** surrender.—**all your race:** all your children and your children's children.—**dimin'ished:** grown smaller.

MOTHER SPIDER

It was a beautiful day in midsummer. The meadow was alive with busy little creatures astir in the bright sunlight. A long line of ants came crawling down the path, carrying provisions to their home under the elm tree; and an old toad came hopping down through the grass, blinking in the warm sun. Just a little higher up the bees were droning drowsily as they flew from flower to flower; and above them all, seeming almost in the blue sky, a robin was calling to his mate.

Pretty soon Mrs. Spider came down the path. She seemed to be in a great hurry. She looked neither to the right nor to the left, but kept straight ahead, holding tightly to a little, white bag which she carried in her mouth. She was just rushing past Mr. Toad when a big, black beetle came bumping by, stum-



bled against Mrs. Spider and knocked the bag out of her mouth.

In an instant Mrs. Spider pounced down upon him, and, though he was so much bigger than she, he tumbled over on his back. While he was trying to kick himself right side up once more, Mrs. Spider made a queer little dash, took up her bag, and ran off through the grass.

"Well, I never!" said Grasshopper Green, who was playing seesaw on a blade of grass.

"No, nor I," grumbled Mr. Beetle, as he wriggled back to his feet. "I didn't want her bag. She needn't have made such a fuss."

"She must have had something very fine in that bag," said Grasshopper Green, "for she was so frightened when she dropped it. I wonder what it was;" and he balanced himself on his glass blade until a stray breeze blew him off, and then he straightway forgot about Mrs. Spider altogether.



Two weeks after this, Grasshopper Green started out for a little exercise before breakfast. Just as he reached the edge of the brook, he saw Mrs. Spider coming toward him. She was moving quite slowly, and no longer carried the little, white bag. As she came nearer, he could see that she had something on her back.

"Good morning, neighbor," called Grasshopper Green; "can I help you carry your things?"

"Thank you," she said, "but they wouldn't stay with you, even if they could stay on when you give such great jumps."

"They!" said Grasshopper Green. And then, as he came nearer, he saw that the things on Mrs. Spider's back were wee, little baby spiders.

"Aren't they pretty children?" she asked, proudly. "I was so afraid that something would happen to my eggs that I never let go of the bag once, except when that stupid Mr. Beetle knocked it out of my mouth."

"Oho," said Grasshopper Green, "so that was what frightened you so! Your bag was full of eggs! And now, you are going to carry all those children on your back? Doesn't it tire you dreadfully?"

"I don't mind that a bit," said Mrs. Spider, "if only the children are well and safe. In a little while they will be able to run about by themselves, and then we shall be so happy here in the meadow grass. Oh, it's well worth the trouble, neighbor Grasshopper."

“Yes,” said Grasshopper Green, “I have a dozen wee boys of my own at home; and that reminds me that it is time to go home to breakfast! Good-bye, neighbor. I hope the children will soon be running about with you. You certainly are taking good care of them. Good-bye.”

Then home he went; and proud, happy Mother Spider kept on her way to hunt for a breakfast for the babies she loved so well.

—FRANCES BLISS GILLESPIE.



THE TREE

The Tree's early leaf buds were bursting their brown;
“Shall I take them away?” said the Frost, sweeping
down.

“No, leave them alone
Till the blossoms have grown,”
Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to
crown.

The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung;
"Shall I take them away?" said the Wind, as he
swung.

"No, leave them alone
Till the berries have grown,"
Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow;
Said the girl: "May I gather thy berries now?"

"Yes, all thou canst see:
Take them; all are for thee,"
Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs
low.

—BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON.

THE FIRST GRENADIER

When Napoleon the Great was emperor of France he fought many battles and won many famous victories. He was greatly loved by his soldiers, and his praise was one of the highest honors they cared to win.

One day, one of his soldiers, named La Tour d'Auvergne, was sent away from the main army alone to attend to some important business. While on his way he heard that a regiment of Austrians had been sent to besiege a French fort that guarded a narrow path, or pass through the mountains.

This pass was a very important place; and if the Austrians gained possession, it would be a sad thing for the French army. La Tour d'Auvergne knew this, and he determined to try to reach the fort and warn the commander before the Austrians arrived. He climbed the mountain with all speed; but when he reached the fort, he found that the French soldiers who had been there had fled.

Thirty good muskets and plenty of ammunition had been left behind; and the lookout had even left his telescope lying on the watch-tower. Looking through the telescope, La Tour d'Auvergne saw that the Austrians were still some distance away, and he bravely determined to try to hold the fort alone as long as possible. He knew that it would be of great service to Napoleon to have the enemy's advance checked even for a little while.

The pass was steep and narrow, and the Austrians could enter it only two at a time; so that one man with thirty muskets ready could do much to check the advance of the enemy.

He hastily blocked up the main entrance to the fort with all the lumber that could be found, then loaded every gun, and placed extra ammunition where it could easily be reached when the guns needed reloading. By this time it was dark, and there was nothing to be done but to wait for the Austrians to come.

About midnight he heard the sound of many feet.

In an instant his hand grasped a musket; and as soon as he thought the enemy had entered the pass, he fired once, twice, as rapidly as possible. No return shots were fired; and from the short, quick commands of the officers, he decided that the Austrians had been surprised and confused by his greeting.

Nothing further was heard until sunrise the next morning, when the Austrian commander called upon the garrison to surrender. La Tour d'Auvergne received the messenger bearing the flag of truce.

"Tell your commander," he said to the messenger, "that the garrison will defend the pass to the last man."

When the messenger reported to his commander, a gun was hauled into the pass to open fire upon the fort. The only place upon which the cannon could be stationed was opposite the tower, within easy musket range.

As soon as the gun was in place, La Tour d'Auvergne sent such a rain of lead upon the gunners that the enemy were forced to withdraw. The Austrians bravely followed their leaders a second time up the narrow pass; but La Tour d'Auvergne's firing was so rapid and so sure that fifteen men fell before the whole body retreated. A third time they tried, and again they had to retreat.

By sunset the Austrians had lost forty-five men, and at dark the commander sent a second messenger

under a flag of truce to demand that the fort surrender.

The day had seemed endless to the poor French soldier. He was very much in need of food and rest and sleep; but what were weariness and hunger if he could only hold the fort twelve hours longer? In that time, he knew the French commander would be able to make all necessary preparations against the Austrian army.

So he sent the messenger back to tell his commander that he would surrender the fort at sunrise the next morning on condition that the garrison be allowed to march out with its arms to join the French army. To these terms, the Austrians gladly agreed.

At sunrise the Austrian troops were drawn up in line on either side of the pass, leaving a space open for the garrison from the fort. The heavy door swung open, and La Tour d'Auvergne, staggering under his load of thirty muskets, passed slowly down between the lines of troops. Not a soul followed him out of the fort.

"Why does not the garrison appear?" asked the surprised commander.

"I am the garrison, Colonel," said La Tour d'Auvergne, saluting.

"What!" said the colonel, "do you mean to tell me that you have held that fort single-handed against my whole regiment?"

"I have had that honor, Colonel," answered the grenadier.

"What possessed you to try to do such a thing, Grenadier?"

"The honor of France was at stake."

The colonel looked at La Tour d'Auvergne with admiration. Then raising his hat he said, "Grenadier, I salute you. You are the bravest of the brave."

Under a flag of truce, La Tour d'Auvergne returned to his army with the honors of a conqueror, the thirty muskets borne before him. The Austrian colonel wrote a message to the French commander, telling of La Tour d'Auvergne's brave service.

Napoleon would have given the hero high honors, but he refused them all. By the emperor's special order, however, he was called the First Grenadier of France, and by that title he was known by both friends and foes.

La Tour d'Auvergne: lä toor' dö-värñ'.—**besiege** (bē-sēj'): to surround with an armed force.—**ammunition** (ām-mū-nish' ūn): powder, shot, etc. used to load guns of any kind.—**tēl'ēscōpe**: a long tube in which there are certain kinds of glasses that make distant objects look near.—**gār'rison**: a body of soldiers doing duty in a fort.—**flag of truce**: a white flag which shows that all fighting must stop while it is flying.—**withdraw**: retreat.—**grenadier** (grēn-ā-dēr'): a kind of soldier.

THE LONGEST DAY OF MY LIFE

PART I

It was the rivers of Asia, the Obi, Yenesei, Lena, and a dozen more, that caused the longest day of my life. What were the rivers of Asia to a little girl living in Still Waters, America, on the banks of a quiet stream that never gave any trouble to anybody? Oh, but the rivers of Asia are geography, and geography is school, and school is life, when one is not quite ten.

One after another we went to the foot. There was not foot enough to go round, and the teacher said in her saddest tones, "I shall assign no new lesson for to-morrow." She paused again, but we did not look at her. "And I expect these rivers to be learned!" We managed to peep at her, and we saw that she meant it.

"You may take your seats." We took our seats, and sat very still in them. Then it was that my best friend whispered to me, "Susie Jacobs is the lucky one. She has a sore throat. She's absent."

I thought a long time, with my eyes on my reading book, and I came to the naughty resolve to leave out of my education altogether the rivers of Asia.

The next morning, when it was time to rise, I did not stir. My grandmother came into my room.

"What, what," she said, "little Miss Phoebe Gay not up yet?"

"I'm sick," I said.

"What's that you say?"

"I feel very sick," I repeated louder.

"Dear child, dear child!" My grandmother was very sorry for me, and yet I did not like to look at her.

"Sophie," she called to my mother, "do come right here. The child says she's sick. She looks feverish."

This encouraged me, and I tried to look as feverish as I could. My mother came and stood beside me.

"Dear child!" grandma still murmured. Mamma had once explained to me that grandmothers were on purpose to love and pet you, but mothers were to correct your faults besides.

"Where do you feel sick, Phoebe?" asked my mother now.

"I feel a pain coming up through my heel."

"I suppose she can hardly tell," said grandma tenderly.

"I feel sick all over," I said. This seemed a safer way to put it.

"She has been playing too hard in the hot sun," said grandma.

"Ah!" said my mother thoughtfully. "You feel too sick to go to school, I suppose?"

"Yes, ma'am," I answered promptly.

"Very well, then," said my mother, rather too

cheerfully for my feelings. "I wouldn't have you go to school if you are sick, no, indeed. You shall stay right here in your little bed all day."

"And have my breakfast in bed; oh, can't I?" I cried.

"A very light breakfast," said grandma. "Yes, Nora shall bring it up."

I tried to make Nora pity me, when she brought me my egg and toast. I seemed to succeed, till, just as she was going out of the room, I caught sight of her face in a mirror, and saw a broad smile upon it.

"And how are you feeling now, dear?" said grandma, putting her head in at the door.

"A little better," I said feebly. "Not much, though," I added, as the school-bell began to ring.

The school-bell made me feel very queer. That it did not mean me—that it was not for me—this made me glad, and yet it somehow made me feel as if I did not belong in the world any more. I had exactly the same feeling about the sunshine outdoors. That and the school-bell left me out.

"Mamma," I said, "can't I please have 'Little Women' to read?"

"No, darling; you must not try your eyes, reading in bed."

Then, for an hour, I looked out of the window, or I studied the wall paper. I watched the blue sky, and the gay little white clouds sailing by, and the sunshine

twinkling on the leaves of the apple tree by the window. Then my eyes came back to the wall paper, and I studied out figures in its spreading vines. I had found a funny little old woman that entertained me when mamma came in and drew down the window shades, saying that I must try to go to sleep. So I lay in the half darkness, and tried my thoughts for company.

There is something queer about thoughts: you cannot have a good time with them if you have done anything naughty. I do not say that I had been naughty, but I do say that my thoughts that morning behaved as if I had been. They kept going from one thing to another, till I tried my best to think of nothing. If I planned for the Fourth of July, I ended by trying to spell Yenesei. I thought about my birthday present to my mother, but I had in some way spoiled all that by staying at home from school to-day. I did not care to think about my mother at all.

I heard some one stirring in the next room.

"Isn't it almost dinner time?" I asked anxiously.

"Bless your heart, it is half past ten exactly." My grandmother laid her hand upon my forehead, and said that I must have some aconite, and eat lightly. I had heard that there was to be blueberry pudding for dinner.

"Blueberry pudding doesn't hurt, does it, grandma?"

"The worst thing in the world, child," said my grandmother, darkening the room a little more. "Now see what a nice little nap you will have."

I lay another half hour, feeling very ill-used. The clock struck eleven, and took an endless time to do it. Just then came cheerful sounds from the school house, which was not far away. It was recess: I sat up in bed and listened.

Since I was ten years old, I have seen the school children in many of those countries which, as maps, cost me much trouble; and I have noticed that boys and girls let loose at recess sound alike the world over. Their laughing and shouting is the same in every language. Oh, how bright and gay it sounded, as I lay in my little, still, shaded room!

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Ho!" And I not there!

It lasted, how it lasted! I am sure I had never known before that recesses were so long drawn out. The fun appeared to grow funnier every moment, and the laughing merrier, till at last the bell rang sharp and long, and then there was a silence as if the end of everything had come.

Obl: ǝ'bē.—**Yenesel:** yēn-ē-sā'ē.—**Lena:** lē'nā.—**ās-sīgn':** point out, name.—**Phøbe:** fē'bē.—**ac'ō-nīte:** a kind of medicine.

THE LONGEST DAY OF MY LIFE

PART II

The geography class, I well knew, recited directly after recess; and that was the hour when I had expected to enjoy myself at home. I had thought that not to be there was going to be the greatest fun I had ever known. But the fun did not come up to my expectations. For one thing, it lasted too long. The pleasure of not reciting my geography lesson appeared to me to drag along for hours, though I knew it was just thirty minutes on the school programme.

I tossed back and forth, and up and down, and the more I tossed, the faster there came trooping back into my mind the names of the rivers of Asia: Obi, Yenesei, Lena, and all the rest. It is the queerest thing that I have to tell, but it is true; I found I knew my lesson! Because I had failed in it the day before was the very reason I remembered it now. That made it bitter.

I had one foot out of bed, when who should appear but my mother! Her face wore the look that it often had with her children: a sad, amused, puzzled look. She asked me how I felt.

"I feel all well again," I said, this time quite truthfully. "I want to get up."

My mother glanced at her watch, and then out of the window that looked toward the school.

"No, dear. You must lie still."

"And have my dinner in bed?" For having my dinner in bed was the only interesting part of it. My mother was so kind to me that I felt more and more uncomfortable. If she had sat there a moment longer, I should have thrown my arms about her neck and told her that I wasn't sick at all!

Some more hours passed before noon arrived. Then my brothers came home from school, and there were the same sounds from below that I had heard at recess from the schoolhouse. What *were* they laughing about? What *were* those funny things they were telling in that dear distant land of downstairs?

At last, Nora came up with my dinner. She raised the shades, and bustled about, and seemed to me delightful company.

"Oh, stay, Nora!" I said.

"With all the rest downstairs to wait on, eh? Sure, I must be going."

"Then, Nora, bring me a book to read. Oh, do, Nora."

This was disobedience, but I felt so wicked already that this one little extra sin could hardly make much difference, I thought. It was good of me, besides, that I did not ask for "Little Women."

I suppose Nora thought she was doing something very funny when she brought me the cook book.

"Why, Nora," I said, hurt and grieved; but she had

disappeared, laughing. I had lost Nora's respect: that was a part of my punishment.

Grandma spent some time in my room, but she was so sorry and kind that I was ashamed and punished in another way. After she went away, I cried a little. I felt so wrong with everybody.

The clocks all struck faithfully that afternoon, and somehow clocks seemed the most important things in the world. I listened and listened to hear them through the long, queer hours, unlike any hours I had ever known before. I could not fill them up with anything, they were so big and empty. Nothing that I did lasted long enough.

I made little old Quaker ladies with the corner of the sheet. I built a tent out of the bedclothes. I tried two pillows, one pillow, no pillow, the foot of the bed, the head of the bed, the left side, the right side. I nibbled at the crackers that had been provided for me, and of course got cracker crumbs in the bed, a very uncomfortable state of things, as you know. So I managed to get rid of another hour, and so the dull afternoon dragged on.

I even reached out my hand for Nora's cook book, I was in such distress for entertainment. I turned over Soups and Roasts and Fish, and finally selected Cake. Cake I read through from beginning to end, and fancied myself eating as much as I liked of each kind. I got some pleasure out of my imaginary plum

cake and cream cake and jelly cake, but I thought of them so hard that I grew hungrier every moment, and could think of nothing but supper time. I threw aside the cook book, and waited for a clock to strike.

The next thing that I remember was my mother's voice by my bedside. She was speaking to grandma:

"I think when she wakes, I shall let her get up. I think I have carried it far enough."

"She looked sick to me," said grandma. "Not a healthy color."

"It grieves me," said my mother. "I cannot tell how it grieves me. Deceit in my children"—she did not finish her sentence.

I lay still a long time, with my eyes shut, more miserable than ever the rivers of Asia had made me. This dreadful word *deceit* had long ago been explained to me, and I knew the name for my conduct that day.

My uncomfortable feelings now settled into this one wretched thought. I could not bear it alone. I had to call to my mother, and when she came, I had to throw my arm about her neck, and sob against her breast, "I was well! I wasn't sick at all! I didn't want to go to school! It was the rivers of Asia! It was the Yenesei"—I felt my mother tremble, and I saw her wipe away some tears, but I have never known what kind of tears they were.

The best part of being ill in our house, as we children all knew, was the coming down at night after a

day upstairs. We were then persons of importance, and everyone inquired very particularly after our health. We had little shawls about our shoulders, and sat in big rocking chairs. But it was no pleasure to me this time, that I can tell you. My father, who had been away at his office all day, began it:

"What's this I hear? Phoebe Gay been abed all day? Let me see her tongue?"

This was a grief that I suffered all my childhood. I thought it unjust that grown people were so seldom called upon to put out their tongues.

I drew mine in again quickly, and did not look up at my father.

My dear eldest sister petted me, and I tried to hide against her. My mother said not a word, as she passed bread and butter to the long tableful. My brother Tommy ate thoughtfully, and looked at me closely.

"She doesn't look sick. I bet you she's been playing hookey!"

"Don't say 'bet,' Tom," said Lilian.

"I bet you she has, though. That's a great way to play truant, to stay in *bed* all day! I'd have gone to a ball game. I'd have had some fun!"

My punishment was complete when Tommy took a hand in it.

Rivers of Asia, shall I ever forget you?—Obi, Yenesei, Lena, and all the others.

—HELEN DAWES BROWN.

THE MOCK TURTLE

The man who wrote this story wrote several books which have been enjoyed by many thousands of children. The book from which this story is taken is called "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," and tells about a little girl named Alice who ran after a white rabbit whom she saw running through the fields. He was talking to himself, and seemed to be in a great hurry. When he disappeared in a hole, Alice, following him, fell for a long distance and landed in Wonderland, a very strange place inhabited by all kinds of queer creatures that could talk. At the time this story begins, Alice is on the sea-shore of Wonderland talking to a Mock Turtle and a Gryphon.

The Mock Turtle sighed deeply, and drew the back of one flapper across his eye. He looked at Alice, and tried to speak, but for a minute or two, sobs choked his voice.

"Same as if he had a bone in his throat," said the Gryphon: and set to work shaking him and punching him in the back. At last the Mock Turtle recovered his voice, and with tears running down his cheeks went on again:

"You may not have lived much under the sea."

"I haven't," said Alice.

"And perhaps you were never introduced to a lobster," said the Mock Turtle.

"I once tasted—" said Alice, but checked herself, and said, "No, never."

"So you have no idea what a delightful thing a lobster quadrille is!"

"No, indeed," said Alice. "What sort of a dance is it?"

"Why," said the Gryphon, "you first form into a line along the sea-shore——"

"Two lines," cried the Mock Turtle. "Seals, turtles and so on. Then, when you have cleared the jelly-fish out of the way——"

"That generally takes some time," interrupted the Gryphon.

"You advance twice——"

"Each with a lobster as a partner!" cried the Gryphon.

"Of course," said the Mock Turtle, "advance twice, set to partners——"

"Change lobsters, and retire in the same order," said the Gryphon.

"Then, you know," the Mock Turtle went on, "you throw the——"

"The lobsters!" shouted the Gryphon, with a bound in the air.

"As far out to sea as you can——"

"Swim after them!" screamed the Gryphon.

"Turn a somersault in the sea!" cried the Mock Turtle, capering wildly about.

"Change lobsters again!" yelled the Gryphon.

"Back to land again, and that's all the first figure," said the Mock Turtle, suddenly dropping his voice. And the two creatures, who had been jumping

about like mad things all this time, sat down again very quietly and sadly, and looked at Alice.

“It must be a very pretty dance,” said Alice timidly.

“Would you like to see a little of it?” asked the Mock Turtle.



“Very much indeed,” said Alice.

“Come, let’s try the first figure!” said the Mock Turtle to the Gryphon. “We can do it without the lobsters, you know. Which shall sing?”

“Oh, you sing,” said the Gryphon, “I’ve forgotten the words.”

So they began solemnly dancing round and round Alice, every now and then treading on her toes when

they passed too close, and waving their forepaws to mark the time, while the Mock Turtle sang this, very slowly and sadly:

“Will you walk a little faster,” said a whiting to a snail,

“There’s a porpoise close behind us, and he’s treading on my tail.

See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!

They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the dance?

“You can really have no notion how delightful it will be

When they take us up and throw us, with the lobster out to sea!”

But the snail replied, “Too far, too far!” and gave a look askance.

Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.

“What matters it how far we go?” his scaly friend replied,

“There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.

The farther off from England the nearer is to France;

Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance.”

“Thank you, it is a very interesting dance to watch,” said Alice, feeling very glad that it was over at last: “and I do so like that curious song about the whiting.”

“Oh, as to the whiting,” said the Mock Turtle, “you’ve seen them, of course?”

“I believe so,” said Alice. “They have their tails in their mouths, and they are all over crumbs.”

"You are wrong about the crumbs," said the Mock Turtle. "Crumbs would all wash off in the sea. But they have their tails in their mouths; and the reason is"—here the Mock Turtle yawned and shut his eyes.

"Tell her the reason, and all that," he said to the Gryphon.

"The reason is," said the Gryphon, "that they would go with the lobsters to the dance. So they got thrown out to sea. So they had to fall a long way. So they got their tails fast in their mouths. So they could not get them out again. That's all."

"Thank you," said Alice, "it is very interesting. I never knew so much about a whiting before."

"I can tell you more than that if you like," said the Gryphon. "Do you know why it is called a whiting?"

"I never thought about it," said Alice. "Why?"

"It does the boots and shoes," the Gryphon replied very solemnly.

Alice was puzzled. "Does the boots and shoes!" she repeated in a wondering tone.

"Why, what are your shoes done with?" asked the Gryphon. "I mean, what makes them so shiny?"

Alice looked down at them, and thought a little before she gave her answer. "They are done with blacking, I believe."

"Boots and shoes under the sea," the Gryphon

went on in a deep voice, "are done with whiting. Now you know."

"And what are they made of?" asked Alice.

"Soles and eels, of course," the Gryphon replied rather impatiently: "any shrimp could have told you that."

"If I'd been the whiting," said Alice, whose thoughts were still running on the song, "I'd have said to the porpoise, 'Keep back, please: we don't want you with us!'"

"They were obliged to have him with them," said the Mock Turtle. "No wise fish would go anywhere without a porpoise."

"Wouldn't it, really?" said Alice in a tone of great surprise.

"Of course not," said the Mock Turtle. "Why, if a fish came to me, and told me he was going on a journey, I should say, 'With what porpoise?'"

"Don't you mean 'purpose'?" said Alice.

"I mean what I say," the Mock Turtle replied in an offended tone.

—LEWIS CARROLL.

quadrille (kwà-dril'): a dance in which four couples of dancers perform several different kinds of steps called *figures*.—**set to partners**: a term used in the dance. It means that the partners walk up to each other and bow.—**retire**: go back.—**porpoise** (pōr'-pūs): the name of a large fish.—**shingle**: fine sand such as there is on the sea-shore.—**askance** (à-skāns'): aside.—**shrimp**: a kind of shell-fish. It is very small.

THE BLUEBIRD .

I know the song that the bluebird is singing,
Up in the apple-tree where he is swinging,
Brave little fellow! The skies may look dreary,—
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen a while and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple-tree, swinging and swaying.

"Dear little blossoms, down under the snow
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark, while I sing you a message of cheer!
Summer is coming and springtime is here.

"Little white snowdrop, I pray you arise,
Bright little crocus, come, open your eyes;
Sweet little violets hid from the cold,
Put on your mantle of purple and gold!
Daffodils! Daffodils! Say, do you hear?
Springtime is coming and summer is here!"

—EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

A RAT TALE

PART I

Huggy was an old rat when he died, very old indeed. He was born in the middle of a corn rick, and there he might have lived all his little life had not the farmer who owned the rick caused it to be pulled down.

"That was Huggy's first experience of moving, and it was done in such a hurry that he had hardly time to be sorry. It was pitch dark when his mother shook him up roughly and told him to "come along," or he would be killed by the farmer, and poor Huggy, blinking his sleepy eyes, struggled out of his snug little bed into the cold, black night.

Several old rats met him at the entrance of the rick, and sternly bade him stay where he was and make no noise, for the leader was about to speak. Huggy was wide-awake by this time. The rat spirit of adventure was roused within him, and he listened eagerly to the clear voice of the leader.

"Friends, old and young, this is not a time for many words, but I want you all to know the cause of this sudden disturbance. Last night I was running about the farmer's kitchen, when in came the stable-boy tapping at an empty corn sieve which he had in his hand. He said a few words to the

farmer, who rose hastily, and together they left the kitchen.

"I followed at a little distance. They went straight to the stable and talked for some time with their backs to the corn bin. After a while I managed to scramble up and look into it, only to see what I dreaded most. The corn bin was empty! To-morrow they will pull down this rick, thresh the corn, and fill the empty bin. So, my friends, unless we mean to die by dog, stick, or fork, we had better be off as soon as it is daylight."

There was a scraping of feet all round, and a general rush of anxious mothers into the rick to fetch out their young. Huggy was waiting at the entrance and as soon as he caught sight of his mother, he raced off with her to join the crowd at the back of the rick.

The leader arranged them in lines of ten abreast, and after walking up and down to see that all were in their places, he gave a shrill squeak and the column started. They marched steadily for about two miles—slowly, of course, because of the young ones.

At length they came to a field where a man with a pair of horses was ploughing. His coat, in which his dinner was wrapped, lay on the wall some little distance from him. Seeing such a number of rats, he left his horses, ran for his life and hid behind a knoll, whence he could view what happened without himself being seen. To his great disgust, he saw the creatures first crowd about his coat, then run over it, and finally

eat out of his pocket the bread and cheese his wife had provided for his dinner!

That was a stroke of luck for the rats. They had not counted on so early a breakfast and it was with light hearts they performed the rest of their journey.

Huggy was very glad when it was over. He had never been so far in his life, he was only three weeks old. Their new home proved to be a cellar, on one side of which were many pipes running straight to the kitchen, and on the other a large window opening to the outside air.

It was early in the afternoon when they arrived, so they had plenty of time to settle down before night. Huggy, having chosen his corner, ran off to look around. First he went to the kitchen, peeped up through a hole in the floor, and, seeing no one about, carefully crept out and sniffed into all the cupboards.

As he was coming out of the last he beheld a sight which made his little heart turn sick. There, in a corner which Huggy had not noticed before, lay a huge dog half asleep! And so great was Huggy's fright that he squeaked, very faintly indeed, yet loud enough to set Master Dog upon his feet.

Next minute they were both tearing across the kitchen. Huggy was a wee bit in front, but so little that he could feel the dog's hot breath behind him. There was the hole, and bump! scrabble! scrabble! Huggy was safe! Safe! yes, but oh, so frightened!

And what made him smart so dreadfully? His tail was gone, bitten off by the dog!

Ah, Huggy, my poor little rat, if it had not been for that foolish little squeak of fright you might have been as other rats are; but now! Slowly he crept back to the cellar, where he had to endure the jeers of his young companions and the good advice of his elders.

It was some weeks before Huggy fully recovered himself, and more weeks still before he had the courage to appear among his companions as the "tailless rat." At last he did crawl out, and because he looked so shy and frightened, the other rats were kind, and let him alone.

The old rat, who was the leader, took a great fancy to him, and used to allow Huggy to go with him on his adventures. This was considered a great favor among the older rats, and Huggy was very proud of it.

One night he and the leader were out together, when their walk happened to take them, as it generally did, around by the pantry. As a matter of course, they went in, and made a good meal from a loaf of bread which had been left standing on the shelf.

Beside the loaf was a box of matches, and Huggy could not be happy until he had found out what was inside. First he gnawed the box a little, and finding it was not very good to eat, he began to play with it. Suddenly, without any warning, there was a splutter and a flare. Huggy and the leader were out-

side in a twinkling, leaving the pantry in a blaze. Luckily no great damage was done, for the flames were seen and put out in time.

rick: a stack or pile.—**knoll** (nōl): a little hill or mound.—**jeers:** unkind remarks.

A RAT TALE

PART II

So, little by little, Huggy was led on. The following week the leader made up a party to invade the hen-house. Of course Huggy was among the number chosen. It required no little skill to creep noiselessly up the broken ladder, visiting the various nests arranged along each side of the walls. Laying hens are nervous ladies, and, if startled, make enough noise to waken a town.

Once up the ladder, each rat took a turn to slip in behind the hen, and gently roll one egg at a time from under her.

When they had collected about a dozen eggs, the next move was to take them safely down the ladder into the cellar. This was very soon done. Huggy lay down on his back, nestled an egg cosily between himself and his two front paws; a feather was put through his mouth, by which means a rat on either side dragged him along.

Huggy found it rather rough on his back going

down the ladder, but with a good supper in view, he could bear most things. The eggs having been brought thus to the level of the ground, the rats dragged them in the same way slowly and carefully down to the cellar.



Thus time went on. Huggy had noticed for some time how gray and feeble the leader was becoming; nor was he much surprised when, one day, he told him that he, Huggy, would have to take his place as leader of the rats.

Two days after this the old rat died, leaving Huggy to succeed him; and a fine lot of mischief did that rat and his followers get into.

The pantry was their favorite haunt, where joints of meat were hung on hooks "quite out of reach of those rats," as the cook said. But Huggy thought differently, and in a twinkling ten large rats had run up the wall and down the hook, and were gobbling the

meat as fast as they could. But there was one hook in the center of the ceiling which Huggy could not reach; from this hook a nice fat duck was hung by a string.

"If only I could get on to that hook I should gnaw the string, and the duck would fall," thought he.

Huggy got no further. An idea had come to him which he quickly made known to the others. The plan seemed to be understood, for they all ran to an old chair, which was standing just under this center hook.

The strongest rat went first, climbed up the back of the chair, and balanced himself on the top; Number Two followed and carefully balanced on Number One; Number One then squeaked, which meant he could bear no more. It was a pity he could not stand one more; for, as they were, the topmost rat could just reach the prize, and though he nibbled all round as far as he could, it was not what might be called "a square meal."

The cook was astonished when, next morning, she found only three-fourths of the duck remaining.

"Ah!" she said, "I'll be even with you yet, you cunning beasts!" and that night she sliced up part of a duck with some cheese, and put it in the pantry.

At his usual hour, when all was dark and quiet, Huggy and his followers arrived, and seeing their prize under their very noses, were very careful. But Huggy seemed to know the cook's plan.

"To-night and to-morrow night you may eat it,"

he said, "but beware of the third." So they ate the duck and enjoyed it that night and the next, but the third night the dish was left untouched.

The cook was up betimes that morning, so that she might bury the bodies before breakfast. Her dog, the same who had robbed Huggy of his tail, followed her into the pantry. On seeing the plate just as she had left it the night before, the cook, in her astonishment, forgot the dog, who, finding no one to forbid him, licked the dish with great relish.

Poor dog! In spite of all efforts to save him, he died ten minutes afterwards; and the cook learned her lesson also, for she never tried poisoning rats again.

Here end the chief events of Huggy's life, all, at least, that are worth recording.

Some years after the death of the dog I was sitting in the twilight close to a steep path which led from the cellar down to the river, when what should I see but three large rats coming slowly towards me. The middle one was the largest, and evidently blind, for he had in his mouth a long straw, by which the other two led him carefully down the path. As the three passed I recognized the center one as Huggy the Tailless.

Next morning my little Irish terrier, Jack, brought him to me in his mouth, dead; and I buried him under a rosebush in a sunny corner of the garden.

—EVELYN GRIEVE (*Adapted*).

invade: to enter; usually, to enter by force.—**betimes**: early.

HOW JERUSALEM WAS SAVED

King Hezekiah, feeling that the Lord was with him, because he had prospered in all things, rebelled against the king of Assyria, refusing to pay tribute.

And because of his refusal, it came to pass that, in the fourteenth year of his reign, the new king of Assyria, Sennacherib, came up with a large army and conquered him, making him pay three hundred talents of silver and thirty talents of gold. In order to raise this tribute Hezekiah had to strip off the gold with which the doors and pillars of the temple were overlaid, besides giving up all he had in his own treasury.

Sennacherib had promised to depart from Hezekiah's kingdom if he would pay the tribute, but soon after the tribute was paid, the Assyrian king changed his mind and determined to destroy Jerusalem and all the cities of Judah.

To this end he sent a letter to Hezekiah saying that he would surely destroy the city of Jerusalem and kill or take captive all Hezekiah's people. He named over nine countries that he had destroyed, and asked where the nine kings of those countries were.

Poor King Hezekiah was as frightened as he could be when he read that letter. He knew well how powerful the king of Assyria seemed to be, and that he had destroyed those nine countries and captured their kings.

Hezekiah knew, on the other hand, that everything was possible with God. He took the letter up to the temple and besought God to save His people and the Holy City from the hand of Sennacherib.

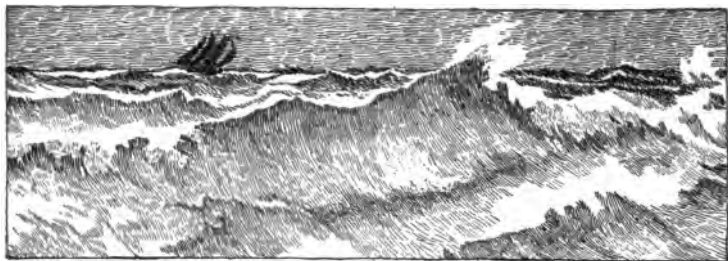
Then the prophet Isaiah assured King Hezekiah, saying, "Thus saith the Lord concerning the king of Assyria. 'He shall not come unto this city, nor shoot an arrow here, nor come before it with shield, nor cast a bank against it. By the way that he came, by the same way shall he return, and shall not come into this city. For I will defend this city for mine own sake, and for my servant David's sake.'"

And it came to pass that night that one hundred and eighty-five thousand men in the Assyrian camp died, smitten by the angel of the Lord. When people came to the camp the next morning, they found that all the soldiers were dead.

Sennacherib, the king of Assyria, having no soldiers, departed to his home at Nineveh.

—JOSEPHINE HEERMANS (*Adapted*).

Hezekiah: hēz-ē-kī'ā.—**Assyria** ās-sŷr'ī-ā.—**pay tribute:** pay a certain amount of money or other valuable thing for the sake of peace or protection.—**Sennacherib:** sēn-nāk'ēr-īb.—**talent of silver:** about ninety-four pounds of silver.—**talent of gold:** about two hundred and ten pounds of gold.—**temple:** a church.—**prophet** (prōf'ēt): one who tells what is going to happen.—**Isaiah:** ī-zā'yā.—**besought:** begged.—**The Holy City:** Jerusalem.—**bank:** a mound of earth behind which the enemies might hide and from which they might shoot their arrows.—**smitten:** destroyed.—**Nineveh:** nīn'ē-veh.



A SAILOR'S SONG

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

—ALLEN CUNNINGHAM.

gal'lant: brave, strong.—**mar'iners**: sailors.—**hër'itage**: something which passes from father to son, a birthright.

THE AMBITIOUS TADPOLE

PART I

It was a bright, warm April day when the First Tadpole of the season ate his way out of the jelly-covered egg in which he had come to life. He was a very tiny, dark brown fellow. It would be hard to tell just what he did look like, for there is nothing in the world that one Tadpole looks like unless it is another Tadpole.

He had a very small head with a busy little mouth opening on the front side of it: just above each end of this mouth was a shining black eye, and on the lower side of his head was a very wiggly tail. Somewhere between his head and the tip of this tail were his

small stomach and places for legs, but one could not see all that in looking for him. It seemed at a glance as if what was not head was tail, and what was not tail was head.

When the First Tadpole found himself free in the water, he swam along by the great, green, floating jelly-like mass of Frogs' eggs, and pressed his head up close to first one egg and then another. He saw other Tadpoles almost as large as he, and they were wriggling inside their egg homes.

He could not talk to them through the jelly-like mass; he could only look at them, and they looked greenish because he saw them through green jelly. They were really dark brown, like him. He wanted to show them that it was more interesting where he was, so he opened and shut his hard little jaws very fast and took big Tadpole-mouthfuls of green jelly.

Perhaps it was seeing this, and perhaps it was because the warm sunshine made them restless, but for some reason the shut-in Tadpoles nibbled busily at the egg covering and before long were in the water with their brother.

Soon they dropped to the bottom of the pond and met their neighbors. They were such little fellows that nobody paid much attention to them. The older pond people often seemed to forget that the Tadpoles heard what they said, and cared, too.

The Minnows swam in and out among them, and

hit them with their fins, and slapped them with their tails, and called them "little big-mouths," and the Tadpoles couldn't hit back because they were so little. The Minnows didn't hurt the Tadpoles, but they made fun of them, and even the smallest Minnow would swim away if a Tadpole tried to play with him.

Then the Eels talked among themselves about them. "I shall be glad," said one old Father Eel, "when these youngsters hide their breathing-gills and go to the top of the water."

"So shall I," exclaimed a Mother Eel. "They keep their tails wiggling so that it hurts my eyes to look at them. Why can't they lie still and be good?"

Now the Tadpoles looked at each other with their shining black eyes. "What are our breathing-gills?" they asked. "They must be these little things on the sides of our heads."

"They are!" cried the First Tadpole. "The Biggest Frog said so. But I don't see where we can hide them, because they won't come off. And how could we ever breathe the water without them?"

"Hear the children talk," exclaimed the Green Brown Frog. "Why, you won't always want to breathe water. Before long you will have to breathe air by swallowing it, and then you cannot stay long under water. I must go now. I am quite out of breath. Good-bye!"

Then the Tadpoles looked at each other again.

"She didn't tell us what to do with our breathing-gills," they said.

One of the Tadpoles who had hatched last, swam up to the First Tadpole. "Your breathing-gills are not so large as mine," she said.

"They surely are!" he exclaimed, for he felt very big indeed, having been the first to hatch.

"Oh, but they are not!" cried all his friends. "They don't stick out as they used to."

And that was true, for his breathing-gills were sinking into his head, and they found that this was happening to all the older Tadpoles.

The next day they began going to the top to breathe air, the oldest ones first, and so on until they were all there. They thought it much pleasanter than the bottom of the pond, but it was not so safe. There were more dangers to be watched for here, and some of the careless young Tadpoles never lived to be Frogs. It is sad, yet it is always so.

Sometimes the Frogs came to see them, and once, after the Tadpoles had gotten their hindlegs, the Biggest Frog sat in the marsh near by and told them stories of his Tadpolehood. He said that he was always a very good little Tadpole, and always did as the Frogs told him to do, and that he was such a promising little fellow that every Mother Frog in the pond was sure that he had been hatched from one of her eggs.

"And were you?" asked one Tadpole, who never listened carefully, and so was always asking stupid questions.

The Biggest Frog looked at him very sternly. "No," said he, "I was not. Each wanted me as her son, but I never knew to which I belonged. I never knew! Still," he added, "it does not so much matter who a Frog's mother is, if the Frog is truly great."



Then he filled the sacs on each side of his neck with air, and croaked loudly.

His sister afterward told the Tadpoles that he was thinking of one of the forest people, the Ground Hog, who was very proud because he could remember his grandfather.

THE AMBITIOUS TADPOLE

PART II

The Green Brown Frog came often to look at the Tadpoles and see how they were growing. She was very fond of the First Tadpole.

"Why, you have your fore-legs!" she exclaimed one morning. "How you do grow!"

"What will I have next?" he asked, "more legs or another tail?"

The Green Brown Frog smiled the whole length of her mouth, and that was a very broad smile indeed.

"Look at me," she said. "What change must come next to make you look like a Frog?"

"You haven't any tail," he said slowly. "Is that all the difference between us Tadpoles and Frogs?"

"That is all the difference now," she answered, "but it will take a long, long time for your tail to disappear. It will happen with that quite as it did with your breathing-gills. You will grow bigger and bigger, and your tail will grow smaller and smaller and smaller, until some day you will find yourself a Frog."

She shut her mouth to get her breath. Frogs, you know, can only breathe a little through their skins, and then only when they are wet. So they take in most of their air through their noses and swallow with their mouths closed. That is why they cannot make long speeches. When their mouths are open they cannot swallow air.

After a while she spoke again. "It takes as many years to make a newly hatched Tadpole into a fully grown Frog," she said, "as there are toes on one of your hindfeet."

The first Tadpole did not know what a year was, but he felt sure from the way in which she spoke that it was a long time, and he was in a hurry to grow up.

"I want to be a Frog sooner!" he said, crossly.
"It isn't any fun at all being a Tadpole."

He was becoming so disagreeable that the Green Brown Frog swam away.

The First Tadpole became crosser and crosser, and was very unreasonable. He did not think of the pleasant things which happened every day, but only of the trying ones.

He did not know that Frogs often wished themselves Tadpoles again, and he sulked around in the pondweed all day. Every time he looked at one of his hindfeet it reminded him of what the Green Brown Frog had said, and he even grew out of patience with his tail, the same strong, wiggly, little tail of which he had been so proud.

"Horrid old thing!" he said, giving it a jerk.
"Won't I be glad to get rid of you?"

Then he thought of something—foolish, vain little First Tadpole that he was. He thought and he thought, and when his playmates swam around him he wouldn't chase them, and when they asked him what was the matter, he just answered, "Oh, nothing!" as carelessly as could be.

The truth was that he wanted to be a Frog right away, and he thought he knew how he could be. He didn't want to tell the other Tadpoles because he didn't want any one else to become a Frog as soon as he. After a while he swam off to see the Snapping

Turtle. He was very much afraid of the Snapping Turtle, and yet he thought him the best one to see just now.



"I came over to see if you would snap off my tail," said he.

"Your what?" said the Snapping Turtle, in his most surprised way.

"My tail," answered the First Tadpole, who had never had a tail snapped off, and thought it could be easily done. "I want to be a Frog to-day and not wait."

"Certainly," said the Snapping Turtle. "With pleasure! No trouble at all! Anything else I can do for you?"

"No, thank you," said the First Tadpole, "only you won't snap off too much, will you?"

"Not a bit," answered the Snapping Turtle, with a queer look in his eyes. "And if any of your friends are in a hurry to grow up, I shall be glad to help them."

Then he swam toward the First Tadpole and did as he had been asked to do.

The next morning all the other Tadpoles crowded around to look at the First Tadpole. "Why-ee!" they cried. "Where is your tail?"

"I don't know," he answered, "but I think the Snapping Turtle could tell you."

"What is this?" asked the Green Brown Frog, swimming up to them. "Did the Snapping Turtle try to catch you? You poor little fellow. How did it happen?"

"Well," he said slowly, for he didn't want the other Tadpoles to do the same thing, "I met him last evening and he——"

"Snapped at you!" exclaimed the Green Brown Frog. "It is lucky for you that he doesn't believe in eating hearty suppers, that is all I have to say! But you are a very foolish Tadpole not to keep out of his way, as you have always been told you must."

Then the First Tadpole lost his temper. "I'm not foolish, and I'm not a Tadpole," he said. "I asked him to snap it off, and now I am a Frog!"

"Oho!" said the voice of the Yellow Brown Frog behind him. "You are a Frog, are you? Let's hear you croak then. Come out on the bank and have a hopping match with me."

"I—I don't croak yet," stammered the First Tadpole, "a-and I don't care to hop."

"You are just a tailless Tadpole," said the Yellow Brown Frog sternly. "Don't any more of you youngsters try such a plan or some more of you will be tailless Tadpoles and a good many of you won't be anything."

The old Snapping Turtle waited all morning for some more Tadpoles who wanted to be made into Frogs, but none came.

The Biggest Frog croaked hoarsely when he heard of it. "Tails! Tails! Tails! Tails! Tails! Tails! Tails!" said he. "That youngster will never be a strong Frog. Tadpoles must be Tadpoles, tails and all, for a long time, if they hope to ever be really fine Frogs like me."

And that is so, as any Frog will tell you.

—CLARA D. PIERSON (*Adapted*).

THE WINNING OF A PRINCESS

PART I

Once upon a time there lived in a far-away country a great king who had two sons. The elder of these sons was well liked by his father, because he was proud and had a lordly appearance; but the younger, who cared nothing for the lordliness of his brother, was much disliked by the king.

Now it happened that this young Prince delighted to walk through the meadows and forests about his father's palace; for he was a dreamer, and loved the beauties of the country better than all the gold of the palace.

One day, as he was walking down the road, he met an old white-haired man resting by the wayside.

"Good day to you, Father," said the Prince, kindly; "you seem tired."

"No, no," replied the old man, "I am just resting for a moment; but sit down, for I have something to tell you. Do you see," he continued, as the Prince sat down on the grass beside him, "the white mark on the top of that great mountain yonder?"

The Prince nodded in reply.

"Well," said his companion, "that is a great castle, where the most beautiful and the best Princess in the world lives. Many brave men have tried to win her hand, but they have all failed. Yet no man has seen her but would be glad to give all he owns to possess her."

"But what must a man do to win this Princess?" asked the Prince.

"At the foot of the mountain," replied the old man, "there is a sign that tells the reader: 'Whoever brings to the Princess the flowers most to her liking from this mountain side shall win her hand.'"

"Oh!" cried the Prince, with a pleasant laugh, "what a pretty way to win a Princess!" And he went home and told his brother and father. The elder Prince burst into a roar of laughter at the story.

"Why," said he, "how easy that is! I think I shall try that myself."

"Yes," said the old King, "it is time for you to have a wife. Take horses and men, and go."

"Father," begged the young Prince, as his brother turned away, "let me go, too."

The King scowled in displeasure.

"What would a great Princess want with a dreamer like you? You can have no horses nor men of mine. It were better for you to stay at home and leave men's duties to your brother."

"At least," begged the Prince, "give me leave to go on foot."

"Well," said the King, turning on his heel, "go, if you must."

Then the young Prince sprang to his feet and started off on his adventure, singing as he went; for the pleasant month of June was on the land, and made his heart light for joy.

Before he had gone far on his journey he heard the sound of galloping horses, and, turning aside to let them pass, he saw his brother with a band of horsemen gallop up in a cloud of dust and disappear down the sunlit road toward the mountains.

So we must leave the younger brother and travel on at a faster pace to see what happened to the elder Prince.

Swiftly the horsemen rode on their way, till they came to the foot of the mountain. There, sure enough, just as the old man had said, was the sign.

"Ho, ho!" laughed the Prince again, as he read it, "I think I have found an easy adventure." And he clapped spurs to his horse and started boldly up the slope. So he traveled day after day up the mountain, without seeing any flowers that seemed worth picking, till he came one day to a glade in the forest and saw before him a low cottage and a little garden.

Beyond the garden his eager gaze fell upon a sight that made the blood leap in his veins. There, on the edge of the dark forest, was a bank covered as with a cloth woven of red flowers. As the Prince spurred forward in his zeal to reach these flowers, an old man who was digging in the garden tottered to his side, crying out:

"Fair, sir, do not destroy my garden—I am a poor——"

"Out of the way!" shouted the Prince, angrily; "my business is more important than your miserable garden!"

And he brushed him rudely aside, and the whole band of horsemen dashed through the garden to the bank of flowers.

"Surely," said the Prince to himself, as he plucked the crimson blossoms, "the Princess will be hard to satisfy if she is not pleased with these wonderful flowers."

And now the little troop of horsemen began to pass strangers along the road. A little girl driving some

cows through the fields smiled shyly at the Prince, but, receiving only a cold frown in return, hung her head to hide the tears. Then a boy came whistling along the mountain and nodded cheerfully to the Prince, but when he saw the sullen look of displeasure on his face he stopped whistling and ran into the woods. Many others, too, the Prince passed on his way; but his face always wore an angry frown, for he liked not the pleasant manners of the people nor the way they looked into his face.

Now it happened that each time after he passed some one on his journey, the Prince came unexpectedly on a bed of flowers growing by the wayside, so that his arms were soon well laden with his offering to the Princess.

At last one morning he knew that he had nearly reached the mountain top, for he saw above him, through the trees, the white walls of the castle. So he quickened his step to arrive the sooner, and, as he hastened, he overtook a little child that was stumbling up the path; and the child stretched out its hands and cried to him:

"Good, sir, take me on your horse, for the road is so steep."

But the Prince turned away his head and rode quickly on.

Finally he came to the castle and struck the door with his sword to arouse the gateman. But the castle

was silent, and nobody answered his knocking. Then the Prince was angry, and sat down in the courtyard to wait till the door should be opened.

gläde: a clear space in a forest.—*zeal*: eagerness, earnestness.

THE WINNING OF A PRINCESS

PART II

Now let us return to the younger Prince.

After his brother passed him he strode merrily along the road till he, too, came to the sign at the foot of the mountain.

"This way of winning a Princess pleases me," said the Prince to himself, "and if the Princess pleases me as much, I am indeed happy, and three times fortunate if I have the good luck to win her hand." And he laughed at the thought so pleasantly that the song of the little birds around him was not even disturbed.

Then he started up the mountain, picking flowers here and there as he dreamed about the Princess, till he came to the same little cottage and garden that his brother had seen. The old man was working to repair the damage of the horses' hoofs.

"Good morning," said the young Prince, cheerfully. "What has happened to your garden?"

And then, because the Prince had a kind face, the old man told him his story.

"Two can work faster than one," said the Prince. So they worked together, and in a short time the garden was nearly as good as ever.

"I am poor," said the old man, as the Prince was going, "so I can give you nothing for your labor except this," and he broke off a flower and gave it to the Prince, with tears of gratitude in his eyes.

"How beautiful it is!" said the Prince. "I must keep it for the Princess."

So he thanked the old man and went on his way. And now, as he hastened up the mountain, he, too, like his brother, passed several people; but he always greeted them cheerfully, and all went their way smiling.

At last, when he had nearly reached the castle, a little child ran to him, crying out:

"Good, sir, help me up this rough road." So he took the child in his arms and struggled up the steep path.

"Now," said the child at last, slipping from his arms, "let me go." And she thrust a flower in his hand and ran off laughing.

Finally, the young Prince found himself at the castle gate and saw his brother waiting in the courtyard. Then, as they struck again at the door, it swung open, and the elder Prince passed in, followed by his brother.

At one end of a great hall sat the Princess on a marble throne, surrounded by her counselors. As the

Princes gazed at her they knew that the old man had spoken the truth. She was the most beautiful Princess in the world, and the gentle smile that played upon her lips seemed to light the whole room.

The elder Prince advanced before the throne.

"I am come, fair lady," said he, with the most courtly bow, "to beg for your hand in marriage." And he held out before him the great armful of flowers that he had picked.

As he stood thus he glanced proudly at his flowers. Then his face grew black with anger and he cried out. The flowers that a moment before had seemed so beautiful were all dead, and only the withered stalks remained. He would have dashed them to the ground, but an old counselor advanced from the Princess' side and took them in his arms.

"You must know," said he to the Prince, "that the hillside up which you have been traveling is a magic hillside, and that each of these flowers represents the thought or act that was yours before you picked the flower."

Then the Prince turned sorrowfully away, for he knew that he had failed, and that such flowers as he had gathered could not live in the presence of the good Princess.

"What would you have?" asked the Princess, at last, turning her face toward the young Prince, who was standing with bowed head.

"I, too," he replied, "would ask for your hand, but I fear that I am not worthy of such as you," and he



knelt before her and held out his flowers, and they filled the whole room with their sweetness.

"Oh," cried the Princess, joyously, "what wonderful flowers!" and she stepped down from her throne and took them in her own hand.

"I like these flowers the best of all," she said, and stretched out her other hand to raise the young Prince to his feet.

"Princess," said the young Prince, as he stood before her and gazed into her beautiful face, "I have

had the good fortune to find the flowers that please you. And now that I may rightfully claim my reward, will you not tell me your name?"

The Princess lifted her eyes till they met the Prince's gaze.

"My name?" she asked, and laughed till the whole room seemed full of music. "Why, surely you must know that! My name is Happiness."

—TERTIUS VAN DYKE.

HOW PINS ARE MADE

Metal pins were made by hand in the sixteenth century. Before that time small skewers of ivory or wood were used, just as the negroes in the country districts of the South use the long thorns of the haw tree to-day.

The first metal pins were probably made of gold, because in England they were considered such a luxury that the makers were not allowed to sell them publicly except on two days of the year. Then it became the custom, at the beginning of each year, for husbands to give their wives money to buy a few pins. To this day, for this reason, money allowed to a woman for her private spending is called "pin money."

Many packages of pins may be bought now for the amount asked for a single pin in those days; yet each one of these little articles, so cheap that the least coin in any country is large enough to buy many of them, needs very expensive machinery and the attention of several men and women to make it.

The process of making the wire from which the pins are manufactured is not considered in pin making, because the wire is made by one manufacturer and sold by him to another who makes the pins. This wire comes in coils of great length, and is just the size of the body of the pin.

It is first drawn between six or eight little rollers, to press all the bends and kinks out of it. The machine which does this also winds the wire carefully on a large reel; and this reel is placed on a spindle attached to the machine which makes the pins.

When a reel is put on the spindle a workman places the free end of the wire between two steel rollers, which draw it in and feed it properly to the cutters. After this it continues to feed itself. When the wire has left the rollers it passes into a groove where the machine cuts off the proper length and then forms the head of the pin.

When this is finished the pin is passed into one of a great many grooves in the face of a wheel about

a foot across, and just as wide across its face as the pin is long.

When the pin is taken by the wheel it has no point; but as the wheel turns it rubs the pins against an outside band, which causes each one to roll in its groove, and at the same time carries it past a set of rapidly moving files, which rub against the blunt end and sharpen it roughly.

The pins next pass against the faces of two grinding wheels, which smooth the points, and then to a rapidly moving leather band having fine emery glued on its face. This gives them the final polish; and as they leave the band they are dropped into a box underneath the machine. This machine works so rapidly that it makes seven thousand five hundred pins in an hour.

After this the pins are plated with tin to give them a bright silvery appearance. They are prepared for plating by being first washed in an acid, to remove all grease, and then dried by being placed, a bushel or so at a time, with about the same quantity of sawdust, in a machine called a tumbling barrel. This is simply a cask hung on a shaft, which passes through it lengthwise. The shaft is made to turn by means of a belt, and, in doing this, it turns the barrel. In two or three hours the sawdust cleans the pins and wears away any little roughness which the machine may have caused.

Pins and sawdust are taken together from the barrel and allowed to fall in a steady stream through a blast of air. As the sawdust is lighter, it is blown over into a large, room-like box, while the pins, being heavier, fall into a bin below.

After this they are spread out in trays and again plated with tin. They are then washed in a tank of water and put into other tumbling barrels with hot sawdust. When they have been dried and cleaned, they are put into a large, slowly-turning copper-lined tub. The constant rubbing against the tub and against one another polishes them.

Pins of all lengths were formerly allowed to become mixed and after polishing they were separated by a machine; but it has been found cheaper to make each size by itself.

From the polishing tub the pins are carried to the "sticker," where they fall from a box into a number of slits. The pins, hanging by their heads, slide down to the machinery which sticks them into the paper.

By this wonderful machine a pin is taken from each slit, and all the pins are stuck at once into the two ridges which have been crimped in the paper by a wheel that holds it in place. While this wheel crimps the paper it also spaces the rows, so that when filled with pins the paper will fold up properly.

This whole machine is so delicate in its action that a single bent or imperfect pin will cause the machine to stop feeding; yet its operation is so rapid that one machine will stick ninety thousand pins an hour.

As the long strip of paper on which the pins are stuck comes from the machine it is cut into proper lengths by girls, who then fold and pack the papers in bundles ready for shipment.

—HARRY PLATT (*Adapted*).

skew'er: a pin-shaped bit of wood, metal, or other material.—**lux'ury**: something pleasing that costs a great deal or is difficult to obtain.—**mānū-fact'ured**: made.—**em'ery**: a powder used for polishing.

THE NIGHT WIND

Have you ever heard the night wind go "Yooooo!"

'Tis a pitiful sound to hear!

It seems to chill you through and through

With a strange and speechless fear;

'Tis the voice of the night that broods outside

When folks should be asleep.

And many and many's the time I've cried

To the darkness that brooded far and wide

Over the land and deep:

"Whom do you want, O lonely night,

That you wail the long hours through? ”
And the night would say in its ghostly way:

“ Yooooooooo!

Yooooooooo!

Yooooooooo!”

My mother told me long ago
 (When I was a little lad),
That when the night went wailing so,
 Somebody had been bad;
And then, when I was snug in bed,
 Whither I had been sent,
With the blankets drawn up round my head,
I’d think of what my mother’d said,
 And wonder what boy she meant!
And, “ Who’s been bad to-day?” I’d ask
 Of the wind that hoarsely blew;
And the voice would say in its meaningful way:

“ Yooooooooo!

Yooooooooo!

Yooooooooo!”

That this was true I must allow—
 You’ll not believe it, though!
Yes, though I’m quite a model now,
 I was not always so.
And if you doubt what things I say,
 Suppose you make the test;

Suppose, when you've been bad some day,
And up to bed are sent away

From mother and the rest—

Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"

And then you'll hear what's true:

For the wind will moan in its ruefulest tone

"Yooooooooo!

Yooooooooo!

Yooooooooo!"

—EUGENE FIELD.

deep : the deep sea.—mod'el : pattern to be followed.—make the test : try.—rue'fulest : saddest, most mournful.

SAINT LAUNOMAR'S COW

PART I

Saint Launomar had once been a shepherd boy in the meadows of sunny France, and had lived among the gentle creatures of the fold and byre. So he understood them and their ways very well, and they knew him for their friend.

Saint Launomar had a cow of whom he was fond, a sleek black and white beauty, who pastured in the green meadows near the monastery where he lived, and came home every evening to be milked.

Mignon was a very wise cow; you could tell that by the curve of her horns and by the wrinkles in her

forehead between the eyes, and especially by the way she switched her tail. And indeed, a cow ought to be wise who has been brought up by a whole monastery of learned men, with Launomar, the wisest person in all the country, for her master and friend.

It was a dark night after milking time, Launomar had put Mignon in her stall with a supper of hay before her, and had wished her good-night and a pleasant time chewing her cud. Then he had shut the heavy barn door and had gone back to his cell to sleep soundly till morning.

But no sooner had his lantern disappeared through the gate of the monastery, than out of the forest came five black figures, creeping, creeping along the wall and across the yard and up to the great oak door. They were all wrapped up in long black cloaks, and wore their caps pulled down over their faces. They were wicked looking men, and they had big knives stuck in their belts. It was a band of robbers; and they had come to steal Launomar's cow, who was known to be the handsomest in all that part of the world.

Very softly they forced open the great door, and very softly they stole across the floor to Mignon's stall and threw a strong rope about her neck to lead her away. But first they were careful to tie up her mouth in a piece of cloth so that she could not low and tell the whole monastery what danger she was in.

Mignon was angry, for that was just what she had

meant to do as soon as she saw that these were no friends, but wicked men who had come for no good to her or to the monastery.

But now she had to go with them dumbly, although she struggled and kicked and made all the noise she could. But the monks were already sound asleep and snoring on their hard pallets, and never guessed what was going on so near to them.

Even Launomar, who turned over in his sleep and murmured, "Ho, Mignon, stand still!" when he dimly recognized a sound of kicking—even Launomar did not waken to rescue his dear Mignon from the hands of those villains who were taking her away.

The robbers led her hurriedly down the lane, across the familiar meadows and into the thick woods, where they could hide from anyone who happened to pass by.

Now it was dark, and they could see but dimly where they were going. The paths crossed and criss-crossed in so many directions that they soon began to quarrel about which was the right one to take. They did not know this part of the country very well, for they were strangers from a different province.

Very soon the robbers were lost in the tangle of trees and bushes and did not know where they were, or in which direction they ought to go.

One said, "Go that way," pointing north.

And one said, "No, no! Go that way," pointing directly south.

The third grumbled and said, "Ho, fellows! Not so, but this way," and he strode toward the east.

While the fourth man cried, "You are all wrong, comrades. It is there we must go," and he started to lead Mignon toward the west.

But the fifth robber confessed that indeed he did not know.

"Let us follow the cow," he cried; "she is the only one who can see in the dark. I have always heard that animals will lead you aright if you leave the matter to them."

Now as the other robbers really did not have the least idea in the world as to which was the right direction, this seemed to them as sensible a plan as any. So they took the rope from Mignon's head and said, "Hi, there! Get along, Cow, and show us the way."

Mignon looked at them through the dark with her big brown eyes, and laughed inside. It seemed too good to be true! They had left her free, and were bidding her to guide them on their way out of the forest back to their own country.

Mignon chuckled again, so loudly that they thought she must be choking, and hastily untied the cloth from her mouth. This was just what she wanted, for she longed to chew her cud again.

She tossed her head and gave a gentle "Moo!" as if to say, "Come on, simple men, and I will show you the way." But really she was thinking to herself,

"Aha! my fine fellows. Now I will lead you a pretty chase. And you shall be repaid for this night's work!"

Mignon was a very wise cow. She had not pastured in the meadows with blind eyes. She knew the paths north and south and east and west through the forest; and even in the dark of the tangled underbrush she could feel out the way quite plainly. But she said to herself, "I must not make the way too easy for these wicked men. I must punish them all I can now that it is my turn."

So she led them roundabout and roundabout, through mud and brambles and swamps; over little brooks and through big muddy ponds where they were nearly drowned, roundabout and roundabout all night long.

They wanted to rest, but she went so fast that they could not catch her to make her stand still. And they dared not lose sight of her big whiteness through the dark, for now they were completely lost and could never find their way out of the wilderness without her.

Launomar: lō'nō-mār.—**fold**: a place or pen where sheep are kept.—**byre** (bīr): a cowhouse.—**mon'astery**: a house where very religious men, called *monks*, live.—**Mignon**: mīn'yōn.—**low**: moo.—**pallets**: straw beds.—**prov'ince**: a part of a country, a district.—**chuckled**: laughed quietly.

SAINT LAUNOMAR'S COW

PART II

All night long Mignon kept the robbers panting and puffing and wading after her, till they were all worn out, cold and shivering with wet, scratched and bleeding from the briars, and cross as could be.

But when at last, an hour after sunrise, Mignon led them out into an open clearing, their faces brightened.

"Oh, I think I remember this place," said the first man.

"Yes, it has a familiar look. We must be near home," said the second.

"We are at least twenty-five miles from the monks by this time," said the third, "and I wish we had some breakfast."

"By another hour we shall have the cow safe in our home den," said the fourth, "and then we will have some bread and milk."

But the fifth interrupted them saying, "Look! Who is that man in gray?"

They all looked up quickly and began to tremble; but Mignon gave a great "Moo!" and galloped forward to meet the figure who had stepped out from behind a bush. It was Saint Launomar himself!

He had been up ever since dawn looking for his

precious cow; for when he went to milk her he had found the barn empty, and her footprints with those of the five robbers in the moist earth had told the story, and pointed which way the company had gone.



But it was not his plan to scold or frighten the robbers. He walked up to them, for they were so surprised to see him that they stood still and trembled, forgetting even to run away.

"Good-morning, friends," said Launomar kindly. "You have brought back my cow, I see, who to-night for the first time has left her stall to wander far. I thank you, good friends, for bringing Mignon to me. For she is not only a treasure in herself, but she is my dearest friend and I should be most unhappy to lose her."

The men stood staring at Launomar in astonishment. They could hardly believe their eyes and their

ears. Where did he come from? What did he mean?

But when they realized how kind his voice was, and that he was not accusing them nor threatening to have them punished, they were very much ashamed. They hung their heads in shame; and then all of a sudden they fell at his feet, the five of them, confessing how it had all come about and begging his pardon.

"We stole the cow, Master," said the first one.

"And carried her these many miles away," said the second.

"We are wicked robbers and deserve to be punished," said the third.

"But we beg you to pardon us," cried the fourth.

"Let us depart, kind Father, we pray you," begged the fifth. "And be so good as to direct us on our way, for we are sorely puzzled."

"Nay, nay," answered Saint Launomar pleasantly, "the cow hath led you a long way, hath she not? You must be both tired and hungry. You cannot journey yet."

And in truth they were miserable objects to see, so that the Saint's kind heart was filled with pity, robbers though they were.

"Follow me," he said.

By this time they were too weak and weary to think of disobeying. So meekly they formed into a procession of seven, Launomar and the cow going

cheerfully at the head. For these two were very glad to be together again, and his arm was thrown lovingly about her glossy neck as they went.

But what was the amazement of the five robbers when in a short minute or two they turned a corner, and there close beside them stood the monastery itself, with the very barn from which they had stolen Mignon the night before!

All this time the clever cow had led them in great circles roundabout and roundabout her own home. And after all this scrambling and wading through the darkness, in the morning they were no farther on their journey than they had been at the start. What a wise cow that was! And what a good breakfast of bran porridge and hay and sweet turnips Launomar gave her to pay for her hard night's work.

The five robbers had a good breakfast, too; but perhaps they did not relish it as Mignon did hers. For their consciences were heavy; besides, they sat at the monastery table, and all the monks stood by in a row, saying nothing, but pursing up their mouths and looking pious; which was trying. And when the robbers came to drink their porridge Launomar said mildly:

"That is Mignon's milk which you drink, sirs. It is the best milk in France, and you are welcome to it for your breakfast to-day, since we have such reason to be grateful to you for not putting it beyond our reach forever.

"Ah, my friends, we could ill spare so worthy a cow, so good a friend, so faithful a guide. But I trust that you will not need her services again. Perhaps by daylight you can find your way home without her if I direct you. The highroad is plain and straight for honest men. I commend it to you."

So, when they were refreshed and rested, Lau-nomar led them forth and pointed out the way as he had promised. He and Mignon stood on the top of a little hill and watched them out of sight. Then they turned and looked at one another, the wise Saint and his wise cow.

And they both chuckled inside.

—ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

bran porridge: a thin pudding made by boiling bran, the coarse part of ground grain, in water.—**their consciences were heavy:** that is, they knew they had done wrong and were ashamed.—**pursing up their mouths:** drawing up their mouths in wrinkles.—**pious:** religious.—**I commend it to you:** I advise you to take it.

THE POLICEMEN AND WHAT THEY ARE FOR

A great city has thousands of policemen. They are like an army in Boston or New York or Chicago. Even the little cities and the towns have a force of policemen, or at least a few constables. All these policemen, with their captains and other officers must be paid by the people. What are they for? What

good do they do, that we should keep them in our pay?

Some one may answer: "The police are appointed to catch or arrest thieves and others who break the laws, and to bring them to court, and, later, take them to jail. They run after boys who steal apples or pears, or who throw stones on the streets."

But, if you should follow a policeman a whole day, it would often happen that he would not arrest or chase any one. He walks back and forth over his beat and no one offers to do any mischief.

"Yes," you will say, "but every one knows that the policeman is there, and bad men are afraid and keep out of his way." The rogues also know that the country is covered with policemen; so that if they committed a crime in Philadelphia or Brooklyn, and escaped to California, a telegraph message could be sent in a few moments to San Francisco to notify the police there to be on the watch and arrest them. Thus, all the policemen in the country help one another.

Yes, and if some very great wrong has been done, the police in Canada and over the ocean, in London or Paris, will also help our police at home to catch a dangerous man and keep him from doing harm to his fellows; for all the people in the world, who stand by the laws of justice, are friends and helpers to one another.

We must not think that the policemen are all the

time looking for rogues. Most people are too sensible to be rogues and thieves or to break the laws and get themselves into trouble. The policeman is on the watch wherever he goes, and especially in the night, for any sign of fire. If he sees anywhere a little blaze or smoke, he finds out what it is. Sometimes he is able to put a fire out before it does any harm; sometimes he has to ring the alarm for the engines.

There are careless clerks who forget to lock up their stores at night. The policeman must try the doors and see that all is right. The policeman, you see, is really a watchman.

If every one did right, and there were no longer thieves and robbers in the land, we should not need nearly so many policemen, but we should still need public watchmen in every great town, for there are many people who are not really wicked, but who become very careless. They forget to remove the ice from their sidewalks; they throw rubbish into the gutter; they keep nuisances, as, for instance, ugly dogs, on their premises, without thinking of their neighbors' comfort or safety; they drive, or ride bicycles, as if the whole street belonged to them. The policemen must look after these careless people; he must remind them of the rules of the city; he must report them if they continue to forget; sometimes it is necessary to arrest them, for a very careless man may do as much harm as if he were a bad man.

There is another part of the work of the police that many of us forget. Perhaps it is the pleasantest part of their work. They must help people who are in need or distress. If a little child loses his way, if any one meets with an accident or is taken sick, if a team breaks down, if a poor tramp is found by the roadside almost frozen to death, the policeman must lend a hand. Perhaps he will call for a doctor, or he will telephone for help to the station house, or he will get the injured man into the hospital.

The good policeman is always ready also to answer the questions of any who need to be shown their way. If you should not know a single person in a great city, the first policeman whom you should meet ought to befriend you and advise you where to go and what to do.

You will often see a policeman stationed at the crossing of a crowded street to keep the teams and cars in order, and to see that no woman or little child is run over. Or he will stand at the doors of a great hall or theatre, and prevent the people in the crowd from hurting one another.

We see now what kind of men we need for our police. In the first place, we need strong, healthy men, who can bear the rain and snow, and the summer heat and winter cold. We need brave men who are not afraid to stand alone in the night, who would die rather than desert their post; for the policemen are like sentinels on duty.

A policeman must be thoroughly honest and truthful. He must be a man whom we all can trust. If he finds a purse full of money he must report it and try to discover the owner.

The policeman must also be a kind and friendly man. We have seen that one of his duties is to look after little children, the weak, the aged, those who need help. But more than this, the policeman must be kind toward those who break the laws and have to be arrested. The lawbreakers are human beings with feelings just like ours. If they have done wrong and have got into trouble, they are very much to be pitied. We wish them to be cured of doing wrong; we cannot bear to see any one harsh or cruel to them. We wish the policeman to help them if he can. We do not wish him to arrest any one unless it is quite necessary and clearly his duty. We want him to keep people out of jail rather than to send them there.

Thus the policeman must be a friend to us all; he must be the friend and helper of those who obey the laws; and he must be a friend to those who do wrong, just as a doctor is a friend to the sick man, whom he has to keep in his bed.

—CHARLES F. DOLE (*Adapted*).

beat: the streets that a policeman must guard. Each policeman has his own beat.—**post:** the piece of ground which it is a watcher's duty to guard.—**sen'tinel:** a soldier who stands guard and watches for danger, to warn his companions.

CHILDREN OF THE ARCTIC

This story is about the daughter of Commander Peary, the man who discovered the North Pole. Her real name is Marie, but she was born in the Far North, and when she was a little baby her Eskimo friends called her Ah-ni-ghi'-to. At the time of this story she and her mother are traveling north in the ship *Windward*, under the command of "Captain Sam" Bartlett, to join her father, who has not yet discovered the Pole. Her mother is telling the story.

The first stop in Greenland was made at Godhavn, the capital of the country. Just outside the harbor the pilot, an Eskimo in his tiny skin canoe or kayak, met the ship and was hoisted on board, canoe and all. Here Captain Sam expected to get some sealskin clothing which had been ordered for Ah-ni-ghi'-to's father.

The sun now shone throughout the twenty-four hours, so there was no night at all.

When Ah-ni-ghi'-to's mother told her that Godhavn was the capital of Danish Greenland, Ah-ni-ghi'-to said, "Just as Washington is the capital of the United States? Oh, mother, how strange it is to look over there and see only a few frame houses one and a half stories high, a tiny frame church with a



school-bell on top, and then only mounds of turf with a window stuck in the end of each and a chimney put on one side, and to think this queer place is a capital city!"



But it is true. The Inspector of Danish Greenland, the Governor of Godhavn, and an assistant with their families are the only white people in this city of the Far North.

"The mounds of turf" as Ah-ni-ghi'-to calls them, are the native huts. They are only one story high and built of stone and turf, half in and half above the ground. The turf with which the spaces between the stones are filled is allowed to grow until the stones can hardly be seen for grass. Some of the dogs belonging to the household are nearly always asleep on top of the huts, and this makes the huts look still more like mounds of grass.

The Danish Governor requires the children of these natives to go to school and to church. The

schoolmaster is also the preacher, and he is usually a native Greenlander who was taught in this same school when he was a boy.

Ah-ni-ghi'-to was disappointed because it was two o'clock in the morning when the anchor went down, for everyone on shore was asleep.

The Captain said there was no time to spare, and he would go ashore at once without waiting for morning, and see if the Governor would receive him. While he was gone a few of the natives, who had been roused by the tooting of the *Windward's* whistle, paddled out in their kayaks and came on board to find out whose ship it was and whether there was any chance for them to trade their toy kayaks and sledges for coffee, sugar, and biscuit.

Among them was an old native, named Broberg, who had seen Ah-ni-ghi'-to when she was a baby, and again when she was four years old. He first knew her father in 1886, and asked about him in his broken English. Ah-ni-ghi'-to was much amused, and later wrote in her diary:

August 10.—Came to Godhavn at two o'clock this morning. Could not go ashore. Saw some old Eskimos I had seen before. One old man was very funny. His name is Broberg. He came toward us and shook hands with mother and me and said, "Me very glad see you. You plenty big now. All you look plenty well. Me hope you find Peary all same well. Me go my house catch you kamiks. You pickaninny feet.

keep plenty warm in good kamiks. No cold, you wait, me see."

Mother teases me by saying that he said, "You plenty bad now," and not "plenty big"; but I know he did not, because he doesn't know me well enough.

While old Broberg had gone to see if he could "catch" a pair of warm kamiks (fur-lined boots) for Ah-ni-ghi'-to, she saw a few of her old friends, who as soon as they heard it was Peary's ship, and that Ah-ni-ghi'-to was on board, showed their delight by bringing her the best they had, and they wanted her to come ashore and visit their pickaninnies.

One man brought his family close to where the ship lay, that Ah-ni-ghi'-to might see what fine children he had. The little girl, a child of three years, had on short, white leather kamiks with long sealskin stockings coming to the thigh, but the tops of the stockings above the boots were covered with snow-white, lace-trimmed pantalettes made of muslin. Her little sealskin trousers had bands of white leather embroidered in red, down the front of each leg, and her top garment, made like a sweater, was of red and white figured calico, trimmed about the neck and wrists with black fur and lined with the soft, warm breasts of the eider duck. The baby was dressed very much like the babies at home, only the feet and legs were put into a fur bag covered with bright calico.

Ah-ni-ghi'-to pleased them by getting out her camera and taking their pictures as they stood there hand in hand.

Nearly all the natives of Danish Greenland wear clothing made of woven material, for which they trade their furs and blubber with the Danish people who govern them and teach them.



In a short time Captain Sam returned. With him came the Inspector and the Governor. Ah-ni-ghi'-to heard that the Danish children whom she met here on her last visit were now living somewhere else, and of the two Danish families in Godhavn now only one had children. To these she sent fruit and sweets and said she hoped to see them on her return, for now the Captain was in a hurry to be off while the good weather lasted, and there was no time for visiting her old friends.

Old Broberg returned, but had not been able to

"catch" a pair of kamiks to fit Ah-ni-ghi'-to. He felt sorry about it and wished the Captain to wait until his daughters could make a pair as he said "they plenty quick sew." But of course this was not to be thought of.

Just as the *Windward* was ready to leave and had blown her "good-bye" whistle, a messenger from the Governor's wife climbed over the ship's side and handed Ah-ni-ghi'-to a beautiful, ivory necklace as a keepsake.

—JOSEPHINE DIEBITSCH PEARY.

Godhavn: god'hävn.—**Ah-ni-ghi'-to:** äh-ni-ghē'tō.—**turf:** soil with grass growing in it.—**Broberg:** brō'bērg.—**di'ary:** a note-book in which one writes the interesting things that happen to one each day.—**pick'aninles:** small children.—**blub'ber:** the fat of whales and other large sea animals, from which oil is obtained.

THE LIGHTHOUSE

The rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
And on its outer point, some miles away,
The lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

And the great ships sail outward and return,
Bending and bowing o'er the billowy swells,
And ever joyful as they see it burn,
They wave their silent welcomes and farewells.

“Sail on!” it says, “sail on ye stately ships!

And with your floating bridge the ocean span;

Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse,

Be yours to bring man nearer unto man!”

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

mas'sive: large, heavy.—**ma'sonry**: that which is built of stone or brick.—**eclipse** (ē-klīps'): darkening.



THE MARVELLOUS ADVENTURES OF PINOCCHIO

PART I

Once upon a time there was a piece of wood. It was not fine and beautiful, but a common stick from a woodpile, such a stick as you put in the stove or fireplace to make a fire to warm the room.

I do not know how it happened, but one bright day this piece of wood turned up in the workshop of Antonio, an old carpenter who was called Mr. Cherry, because the end of his nose looked like a ripe cherry, it was always so purple and shiny.

As soon as Mr. Cherry saw this piece of wood he rejoiced and rubbed his hands for the gladness he felt, while he muttered in a low voice:

"This wood has come at the right time. I will use it for the leg of a small table."

So said, so done. He at once took a sharp ax to begin to take off the bark and to chip the wood; but when he was about to use the tool he heard a thin little voice cry out:

"Do not strike me too hard!"

The carpenter did not strike. His arm remained in the air with the ax raised.

You can imagine the surprise of good old Mr. Cherry. He turned his eyes around the room to see whence that little voice could have come. But he did not see any one. He looked under the work-table but saw no one. He looked inside a cupboard that had always been kept closed, but saw nobody. He examined the basket of chips and sawdust, and nobody. He opened the shop door to take a look down the street, and nobody. What then?

He laughed to himself, and, scratching his wig, said:

"I know! I know! That little voice is just a fancy of mine. I will go on working." So he took up the ax and struck a hard blow on the wood.

"Oh! oh! You have made me ill!" cried the same little voice, and it moaned with pain.

This time Mr. Cherry's eyes stuck out from his head with fright, his mouth dropped open and his tongue was hanging out.

As soon as he could speak he said, trembling and stuttering with terror:

"Where does that little voice come from that says 'Oh! oh!' There is not a live soul in this room. Is it possible that this piece of wood has learned to cry like a baby? It does not seem possible. Here it is, the piece of wood. It is only a stick of firewood like the others, and if put on the fire it will make the pot of beans boil. What then? Can there be anybody hidden inside? If some one is hidden in it, so much the worse for him. I'll fix him!"

And so saying, he seized that piece of wood with both hands, and began without mercy to dash it against the wall of the room. Then he stood still and listened to hear if the little voice would cry. He waited two minutes and heard nothing; five minutes, and heard nothing; ten minutes, and nothing.

"I see! I see!" he said, trying to laugh. "This little voice comes from my imagination. Let me begin working again."

And, because he was afraid, he tried to hum a tune to keep up his courage.

And now, laying the ax aside, he took a plane in hand to smooth the piece of wood and bring it to a polish; but when he was planing it up and down he

heard that same strange little voice say to him, with a loud laugh:

"Stop, you tickle me!"

This time Mr. Cherry fell down thunderstruck. When he opened his eyes he found himself sitting on the ground. His face seemed curiously changed, and even the point of his nose, instead of purple had become blue through fright.

At this moment there came a knock at the door.

"Come in," said the carpenter, who had not the strength to raise himself from the floor.

A little old man stepped into the shop. His name was Gepetto, but the rude boys of the neighborhood, when they wanted to tease him, called him Polendina, on account of his yellow wig, which looked like a pudding of yellow corn-meal. On such occasions Gepetto became very angry.

"Good morning, Master Antonio," said Gepetto; "what are you doing there on the ground?"

"I am teaching arithmetic to the ants."

"May it do you much good," said Gepetto.

"What has brought you here, friend Gepetto?"

"My legs, Master Antonio. I came to ask a favor of you."

"Here I am, ready to serve you," answered the carpenter, lifting himself from his knees.

"This morning an idea came into my head," said Gepetto.

"Let us hear it."

"I have thought of making for myself a pretty puppet of wood, a wonderful puppet that can dance, and turn somersaults. With this puppet I want to travel around the world to earn my living. What do you say to that?"

"Clever Polendina!" cried the little voice.

On hearing himself called Polendina, Gepetto became red as a pepper with anger. He turned toward the carpenter and said angrily:

"Why do you insult me?"

"Insult you!" exclaimed Antonio.

"You called me Polendina!"

"Not I!"

"Oh, yes; it was you!"

"No!"

"Yes!"

"No!"

"Yes!"

And growing more and more angry they passed from words to acts, and taking hold of each other shook and clawed one another.

When the fight was ended, Master Antonio found in his hands the yellow wig of Gepetto, and Gepetto found that he had the gray wig of the carpenter between his teeth.

"Give me back my wig!" cried Master Antonio.

"And you give me mine, and let us make peace."

The two old fellows, after each had taken back his own wig, shook hands and pledged themselves to remain good friends the rest of their lives.

"And now, friend Gepetto," said the carpenter, "what is the favor which you want from me?"

"I need a piece of wood with which to make my puppet. Will you give it to me?"

Master Antonio very gladly went at once to take from his bench the piece of wood that had been the cause of so many fears. But when he was about to hand it to his friend, the piece of wood gave a kick, and, sliding from his hands, struck poor Gepetto.

"Oh! you have a polite way of giving presents, Master Antonio, you have almost lamed me."

"I declare to you that it was not I."

"Then I suppose that I did it myself."

"The fault is in the wood."

"Yes, I know the wood is wood. But it was you who threw it at my legs."

"But it was not I, I declare to you it was the wood!"

"Well, if that is the case, it is just the piece of wood that I want," said Gepetto.

Then Gepetto thanked Master Antonio and took the piece of wood and returned home limping.

plane: a tool used to smooth the surface of wood.—**Gepetto:** jě-pět'to
—**Polendina** (pöl-šn-dě'ná): in Italian this means "little pudding."—**puppet:** a wooden doll whose limbs can be moved by pulling strings or wires attached to them.

THE MARVELLOUS ADVENTURES OF PINOCCHIO

PART II

The home of Gepetto was a small room on the ground floor. The furniture could not have been more simple: a broken chair, a poor bed, and a broken table. There was a fireplace, and in the fireplace there was a fire burning, but the fire was painted; and beside the fire was painted a broth-pot gaily boiling, from which came a cloud that seemed like real steam.

As soon as he was in the house Gepetto took up his tools and began to carve the wood and make a puppet.

"What name shall I give it?" said he to himself. "I want to call it Pinocchio. This name will bring me good luck. I have known a whole family by the name of Pinocchio. There were Pinocchio the father, Pinocchia the mother, and several little boys called Pinocchio, and all fared well."

After he had found the name for his puppet, Gepetto began to work in earnest. He made the hair and then the forehead and then the eyes.

Fancy his surprise when he saw that the eyes moved and stared at him.

Gepetto, on seeing himself stared at by those wooden eyes, said, in sharp tones:

"Wicked wooden eyes, why do you stare at me?"

No one answered.

After the eyes he made the nose, which, as soon as it was made, began to grow. And it grew, grew, grew, and in a few moments it became a nose of never ending length.

Poor Gepetto tried to recut it, but the more he cut and shortened it the longer the impertinent nose became.

After he had made the nose he made the mouth. The mouth was not quite finished when it began to laugh and make fun of him.

"Stop laughing!" said Gepetto angrily. But it was like talking to the wall.

"Stop laughing!" he said in a louder tone. Then the mouth stopped laughing, but thrust out his tongue.

Gepetto pretended to take no notice of this impertinence, and continued to work. After the mouth he made the chin, then the neck, then the shoulders, the stomach, the arms, and the hands.

No sooner were the hands finished than Gepetto felt that his wig was being taken from his head. He looked up, and what did he see? He saw his yellow wig in the hands of the puppet.

"Pinocchio, give me back my wig, at once!"

But Pinocchio, instead of giving him his wig, pulled it over his own head until he looked as if he were half smothered.

At this very naughty behavior Gepetto became very sad, indeed, something that had never happened to him before in his life.



“You scamp of a son! You are not wholly made, and yet you begin to show want of respect to your father. Bad boy! Bad boy!”

And he wiped away a tear.

There were yet the legs and feet to be made. When Gepetto had finished making the feet he felt a kick on the end of his nose.

“I deserve it,” he said to himself. “I ought to have thought of that before. Now it is too late.”

Then he gently took the little wooden boy under the arms and placed him on the floor to make him walk.

The joints of Pinocchio's legs were very stiff, and he could not move them, so Gepetto led him by the hand to teach him how to step forward.

When the legs became limber, Pinocchio began to walk by himself and to run around the room, until, passing through the door, he jumped into the street and began to run away.

Poor Gepetto gave chase, running as fast as he could, but he could not overtake him because that little rascal, Pinocchio, went by leaps and bounds like a rabbit.

"Catch him! Catch him!" howled Gepetto, but the people that were in the street, seeing the wooden puppet run, stopped in surprise to look at it, and they laughed and laughed in a manner which you can hardly imagine.

At last, luckily, a policeman came that way, and hearing all the noise, and believing that a colt had run away from its master, planted himself bravely in the middle of the street determined to stop it and prevent greater harm.

Pinocchio, seeing the policeman barring the way, tried to run between his legs, but this plan was not successful.

The policeman, without moving, caught him by the nose. It was so long that it seemed like a handle made for the policeman to catch hold of. Then he handed Pinocchio over to Gepetto, who, by way of punishment,

wanted to box his ears. But fancy Gepetto's disappointment! He could not find any ears to box; and do you know why? Because in his haste to carve out the little wooden rascal he had forgotten to give him any ears.

Then Gepetto seized him by the back of the neck, and while he led him back, he said to Pinocchio, with a threatening shake of the head, "When we get home I will punish you!"

Pinocchio, on hearing this, threw himself on the ground, and would not go another step, while the idlers and other curious people on the street formed a circle around them.

One said one thing, and one another.

"Poor puppet!" said one, "he is quite right in not wanting to go home. Who knows how hard that rough man, Gepetto, might whip him."

And others added that although Gepetto seemed to be an honest man, he was cruel to boys. "If that poor puppet is left in his hands he may knock it to pieces!"

They said so much that at last the policeman set Pinocchio free, and took to prison that poor man, Gepetto, who, finding no words with which to defend himself, cried like a small calf, and on the way to the prison said, sobbing:

"Unlucky little child! And to think I took so much pains to make a perfect puppet! But it serves me right! I ought to have thought of it before!"

And now, while poor Gepetto was being led to prison through no fault of his own, that rogue, Pinocchio, freed from the policeman, ran across the fields in order to get home more quickly.

Having arrived at the house, he found the street door half shut. He pushed it open and went in. As soon as he had bolted the door he threw himself down on the ground, and gave a great sigh of relief.

But his happiness did not last long, because he heard some one in the room saying, "Cri! Cri! Cri!"

"Who is calling?" said Pinocchio, frightened.

"It is I."

Pinocchio turned around and saw something which he took to be a grasshopper creeping up the wall.

"Who are you, Grasshopper? Tell me."

"I am the Speaking Cricket, and I have lived in this room more than a hundred years."

"But to-day this room is mine," said the puppet, "and if you wish to do me a real favor, go away at once without even looking back."

"I will not go away," replied the Cricket, "until I have told you a great truth."

"Tell it to me, then, and make haste."

"Woe to those children who rebel against their parents, and who run away from home. They will never have good luck in this world, and, sooner or later, will have to repent in sorrow."

"If it pleases you to sing that song, Cricket, do

so," said Pinocchio, "but I know that to-morrow at sunrise I shall run away, because if I stay here my fate will be that of all other boys. I shall be sent to school, and, willingly or unwillingly, I shall be obliged to study; and I do not like to study. I mean to amuse myself chasing butterflies and climbing trees to take little birds out of their nests."

"Poor little dunce! Do you not know that by so doing you will make a donkey of yourself, and when you are grown up everybody will make fun of you?"

"Be still, you ugly Cricket!" cried Pinocchio.

But the Cricket, which was patient, instead of becoming angry at this impertinence, continued in the same tone of voice:

"If you dislike going to school why not learn a trade so as to earn your living honestly?"

"Shall I tell you my reason?" replied Pinocchio impatiently, "among the trades of the world there is but one that really pleases me."

"And what is that trade?"

"That of eating, drinking, sleeping, and amusing myself, and living the life of a vagabond from morning until night."

"Bear in mind," said the Speaking Cricket, with its usual quietness, "that all who go into that business end in the hospital or in prison."

"Take care, you ugly Cricket. If I get angry look out!"

"Poor Pinocchio, I do really pity you!"

"Why do you pity me?"

"Because you are a puppet, and, what is worse, you have a wooden head."

At these words Pinocchio jumped up in a fury, and taking a mallet from the bench, threw it at the Speaking Cricket.

Perhaps he did not intend to strike it, but, unfortunately, the mallet caught the Cricket in the head, so that the poor insect had only breath enough to say, "Cri—Cri—Cri," and then it remained stiff and sticking to the wall.

Pinocchio: pī-nōk'ī-ō.—**Pinocchia:** the feminine form of Pinocchio.
—**scamp:** a rascal, a rogue.—**rebel':** to be disobedient.—**mallet:** a wooden hammer.

THE MARVELLOUS ADVENTURES OF PINOCCHIO

PART III

And now it began to be dark, and Pinocchio, remembering that he had eaten nothing, felt something which seemed like an appetite. The appetite of a boy comes quickly, and in a few minutes becomes hunger, and the hunger soon becomes like that of a wolf.

Poor Pinocchio ran to the place where the broth-pot was boiling and tried to take off the lid to see

what it contained, but he found that the pot was painted on the wall. Fancy how surprised he was! His long nose became at least four fingers longer. .

Then he began to run around the room searching through all the drawers for a piece of bread, even a little bit of dry bread, a crust, a bone for a dog, a little mouldy Indian-corn pudding, a fish bone, a cherry pit, in fact, anything that could be eaten.

In the meantime his hunger became greater. At last weeping and despairing he said:

“The Speaking Cricket was right. I did wrong in turning against my papa and in running away from home. If my papa were here now I should not find myself starving to death.”

But lo! now he thought that he saw in the sweepings something round and white that looked like a hen's egg. In an instant he jumped at it. It was really an egg.

You can imagine the joy of the puppet. Almost believing that it was a dream, he turned the egg around between his hands and felt it and kissed it, and kissing it, said:

“How shall I cook it? Shall I make an omelet? No, it is better to cook it on the plate! Or would it not be more tasty if I were to fry it in a pan? Perhaps it would be better soft-boiled? No, the quickest way is to cook it in the little stew-pan. I am in such a hurry to eat it.”

So said, so done. He placed the small stew-pan on the stove full of burning cinders. Instead of oil or butter, he put a little water in the stew-pan. When the water began steaming—tac!—he broke the shell of the egg so as to drop the contents into the pan.

But instead of the white and the yolk of the egg, a lively young chicken sprang out, and made a little courtesy, saying:

“A thousand thanks, Mr. Pinocchio, for having spared me the trouble of breaking the shell! Farewell and give my regards to your family.”

Then the chick spread its wings and away it flew out of the window and out of sight.

The poor puppet remained motionless in surprise, with staring eyes, open mouth, and the broken egg shell in his hands. Upon recovering from his surprise he began to cry and scream, and stamp on the ground in despair, and while weeping he stammered:

“Truly the Speaking Cricket was right! Had I not run away from home and if my father were here I should not be starving to death. Ah! what a dreadful sickness hunger is!”

And as he did not know what to do, he made up his mind to run down to the nearby village, in the hope of finding some kind person who would give him a piece of bread.

It was a fearful night. It thundered terribly and the lightning was so continual that the heavens

seemed on fire. A rough wind blew and whistled furiously, raising an immense cloud of dust. The trees around the country screeched and rattled.

Pinocchio was afraid of thunder and lightning, but his hunger overcame his fear. He opened the door and dashed down the street and in a hundred leaps he reached the village out of breath and with his tongue sticking out like the tongue of a hunter's dog.

But he found everything dark and deserted. The shops were closed, the doors of the houses were closed, the windows were closed, and not even a dog was in the streets. It seemed like a place of the dead.

Then Pinocchio, driven by despair and hunger, took hold of a door-bell and began to ring it with all his might, saying to himself:

"Some one will answer."

After a while an old man with a nightcap on his head looked out of a window and said angrily:

"What do you want at this hour?"

"Would you be so kind as to give me a bit of bread?"

"Wait there and I will come back at once," answered the little old man, believing Pinocchio to be one of those rascals who amuse themselves at night by ringing door-bells to bother quiet people who are asleep.

After half a minute the window was opened once more and the little old man said to Pinocchio:

"Come under the window and hold up your hat."

Pinocchio had never yet had any hat, but he drew close to the house, when a stream of water came pouring down on him from a large pitcher and it watered him from head to foot as if he had been a pot with a withered flower in it.

He returned home very wet and tired and hungry, and as he had no longer the strength to stand up, he sat down, resting his wet feet, splashed with mud, on the stove which was full of live coals.

And there he fell asleep; and while he was sleeping, his feet, which were of wood, took fire and slowly, slowly became charcoal and then burned to ashes.

despair'ing: having given up hope.—**contin'ual**: happening often.—**char'coal**: wood burned black.

THE MARVELLOUS ADVENTURES OF PINOCCHIO

PART IV

Pinocchio slept and slept and snored as if his feet belonged to some other boy. Toward daybreak some one woke him up by knocking at the door.

"Who is there?" he asked, yawning and rubbing his eyes.

"It is I," a voice answered.

It was the voice of Gepetto.

Poor Pinocchio was still sleepy, and had not yet noticed that his feet were burned off. As soon as he heard his father's voice he slid down from the chair on which he had been sleeping, to run and unbolt the door; but, after staggering a little, he fell flat on the ground. In striking on the floor he made a noise as if a bag of wooden spoons had fallen from the fifth story.

"Let me in!" cried Gepetto from the street.

"Father, I cannot," cried the puppet, weeping and rolling on the floor.

"Why not?"

"Because my feet have been eaten off."

"And who has eaten them?"

"The cat," said Pinocchio, seeing the cat amusing itself in tossing some pieces of wood about with its little paws.

"Let me in, I say!" repeated Gepetto.

"I cannot stand up, father, believe me. Oh poor me! Poor me! I shall have to walk on my knees all the rest of my life!"

Gepetto, believing that all this crying was some trickery of the puppet, thought he would put an end to it. Climbing over the wall he entered the house through the window, making all sorts of threats; but when he saw his little Pinocchio on the floor, he was overcome with grief and pain, and took the wooden

child up in his fatherly arms most tenderly, while big tears rolled down his kind old face.



“My dear little Pinocchio,” he said, “how did it happen that you burned off your feet?”

“I do not know, father, but believe me, it has been a horrible night and I shall remember it as long as I live. It thundered and lightened and I was dying of hunger. Then the Speaking Cricket said to me, ‘It serves you right, you have been bad and you deserve it,’ and I said to him, ‘Beware, Cricket!’ and he said to me, ‘You are a puppet, you have a wooden head,’ and I threw a hammer at him, and he died, but the fault was his because I did not want to kill him. Then I placed the little stew-pan on the burning cinders to cook an egg but a small hen flew out saying,

‘Farewell and give my regards to your family.’ And my hunger grew and grew so that I ran down to the village and pulled a door-bell. A little old man looked down from the window and said to me, ‘Come under here and put up your hat.’ Then he threw a pitcher of water all over me. It is no disgrace to ask for a bit of bread, is it? I came back home as fast as my feet would carry me and I was still very hungry. Then I rested my wet feet, to dry them, on the stove full of burning cinders and fell asleep; and now you have come back and found my feet burned off. In the meantime I feel that I am starving to death! Ee! ee! ee! ee!”

And poor Pinocchio began to weep and he cried so loudly that he could have been heard for more than three miles.

Pinocchio’s story was so long and confusing that Gepetto remembered only one point in it and that was that the puppet was dying of hunger. So the good man took three pears from his pocket and giving them to Pinocchio said:

“These three pears were to have been my breakfast but I give them to you gladly. Eat them and may they do you good.”

“If you want me to eat them, please peel them, father.”

“Peel them!” said Gepetto, astonished. “Bad boy! In this world one must become accustomed from child-

hood to eat all kinds of food because one never knows what may happen to him."

"You may be right," rejoined Pinocchio, "but I shall never eat any fruit that is not peeled."

And that good man, Gepetto, took out a small pocket knife and, with great patience, peeled the three pears and put all the peels on a corner of the table.

Pinocchio ate the first pear in two mouthfuls and was about to throw away the core when Gepetto caught him by the arm, saying:

"Do not throw away the core. Anything in this world may become useful."

"Indeed! I will never eat that core," cried the puppet, turning and twisting like a big worm.

"Who knows what may happen!" replied Gepetto, without getting angry.

The three cores, instead of being thrown out of the window, were put on the table with the peels.

Having eaten, or rather devoured, the three pears, Pinocchio yawned at length and said sadly:

"I am still hungry."

"But, my boy, I have nothing more to give you."

"Really, nothing?"

"I have nothing but these peels and cores."

"Patience!" said Pinocchio. "If there is nothing else I will eat a peel."

He began to chew one. At first he made faces, twisting his mouth. But one after another he cleared

them all off; and after the peels he ate the cores also. When he had finished eating everything he patted his little stomach and said:

“Now I feel pretty well.”

“You see, then,” remarked Gepetto, “that I was right when I told you to learn to like all kinds of food and not be too dainty. My dear, we never know what may happen to us in this world. It is well to be prepared to take it as it comes.”

As soon as his hunger was satisfied the puppet began to cry because he wanted a new pair of feet.

But Gepetto, in order to punish him for his naughtiness, let him weep half a day and then said to him:

“Why should I make you another pair of feet? To see you run away from your home again?”

“I promise you,” said the puppet, sobbing, “that henceforth I will be good.”

“Every boy says that when he wants to obtain something,” said Gepetto.

“I promise you, truly, that I will go to school and you shall be proud of me.”

“Every boy says that when he wants to obtain something,” repeated Gepetto.

“But I am not like other boys. I am the best of them all, and I always tell the truth. I promise you, father, that I will learn a trade, and I will be the joy and support of your old age.”

Gepetto's eyes were full of tears and his heart swelled with pity when he saw the sorrow of his poor little Pinocchio. He did not say another word but taking his tools in hand and two small pieces of well-chosen wood, set to work in great earnest, and in less than an hour the new feet were ready.

They were small, nimble feet, and as beautiful as if they had been made by an artist.

Then Gepetto said to the puppet, "Close your eyes and go to sleep."

Pinocchio closed his eyes and pretended to be sleeping. Then Gepetto stuck the two feet on to the legs with some glue, and he made the joinings so neatly that no one could see where they were.

As soon as the puppet saw that he had new feet, he jumped down from the table and began to exercise his legs in all sorts of movements, and he danced a thousand little jigs as if he had gone mad with pleasure.

"In order to reward you for what you have done for me I want to go to school at once," said Pinocchio to his papa.

"Good boy!"

"But to go to school I need some clothing."

Gepetto, who was so poor that he did not have even a cent in his pocket, made him a suit of clothes of fancy paper, a pair of shoes from the bark of a tree, and a cap of soft bread paste.

Pinocchio was delighted. He rushed at once to look at himself in a basin of water and was so pleased with his appearance that he strutted about and said:

“I look exactly like a gentleman!”

“You do, indeed,” responded Gepetto, “because it is the clean dress and not the elegant one that makes a gentleman. Keep that in mind.”

“By the way,” observed the puppet, “if I go to school I shall need something else. In fact I shall need the most necessary and best thing of all.”

“And what is that?”

“I shall need an A B C book.”

“You are right, my boy, but how can we manage to get it?”

“That is very easy! You can go to a bookseller and buy it.”

“And the money?”

“I haven’t any.”

“Nor I either,” said the good old man, growing sad.

Pinocchio, although he was a merry boy, became sad also. Everybody, even a boy, understands real poverty when brought face to face with it.

“Patience!” said Gepetto, suddenly straightening himself up, and, seizing his old overcoat which was covered with patches, he ran out of the house. When he came back he had the A B C book but his overcoat

was gone. The poor man was in his shirt-sleeves and the snow was falling outside.

"Where is your overcoat, papa?"

"I sold it."

"Why did you sell it?"

"Because I was warm enough without it."

Pinocchio understood this reply in an instant and being unable to check the promptings of his good heart, he sprang into his father's arms and kissed him.

—FROM THE ITALIAN.

devoured: ate greedily, or like a wild beast.—**dainty**: here this word means hard to please.

OUR FRIEND, THE FLEDGLING

I have a friend who is a lover of nature, and together we have made many journeys to quiet places about home, and have learned many of nature's secrets. Together we have traced brooks to their sources, found the wood thrush at his noonday meal, and seen the dragon fly come out of his chrysalis coat. We have learned where the Indian pipes push their white bowls out of the leaves, and what places the different ferns love best. We have stood within a few feet of singing birds, and had the little red squirrels as neighbors. But one of the most delightful experi-

ences of the friendliness of animals that we have ever had, happened a few years ago near the source of the Mississippi.

"Go up to Leech Lake," said the physician, one summer, "and breathe the fragrance of the evergreens. When I was there ten years ago the country was covered with white pines, firs, and spruces."

"There," said we, "is the place we have been seeking. We will go at once."

But when we reached our journey's end, alas, the lumbermen had been there before us. The fragrant forests were gone; and just a few pines here and there were left to give us a hint of what the forest must once have been. There were only cultivated fields and open spaces with a few hardwood trees and a young growth of birches, poplars, and a few evergreens.

Just across an arm of the lake from the village was one group of pines that seemed especially beautiful. Rowing across, one quiet afternoon, and looking about, we decided to rest there whenever the weather permitted. The ground beneath the trees was soft with a carpet of brown needles, the air was full of balsam, the little waves rolled the pebbles on the beach near by, and birds sang overhead.

The following day, loading our boat with pillows, books, and a box of lunch, we made our way across the lake again to spend the day beneath the pines. After an hour's tramp to discover what the neighbor-

hood held for us in the way of pleasant surprises, we opened our box and lunched, happier than those unfortunate people who know nothing of nature's delights. Satisfying our own hunger, we scattered the fragments for our bird neighbors, and lay upon the soft pine carpet to try to sleep during the midday heat. Birds sang, squirrels chattered, leaves whispered in the gentle breeze, and lap, lap, sounded the waves upon the shore. This, surely, we thought, must be the land of dreams and fairies. Any delightful experience might come to us here.

All at once two little feet lightly pit-patted upon my foot, then there was a hurried whir of wings, and the visitor departed. We both saw the bird come and go, but neither of us moved. It alighted in a tree near by, and turned its head from side to side, watching us. To our surprise, it flew down again and settled in the same place. Finding all quiet, it began a journey along the length of my body, pecking at the flies as it travelled. Reaching my shoulder, it eyed me for a moment, hopped down, and made the return journey upon my friend's body, from head to foot, still pecking at the flies. Then it examined the stretch of pine needles between us, and finally settled down there for a nap, like the weary baby that it was. At the sound of our whispering it flew away, but soon returned, and spent a couple of hours with us, catching flies and taking short naps between whiles.

When the shadows began to lengthen we collected our things, shouldered our oars, and started for the beach where our boat was tied.

"Good-bye, little bird," said my friend. "We hope to see you again to-morrow." But the fledgling had no thought of saying good-bye. Walking in the path behind us, or flitting from bush to bush, it followed us all the way to the water's edge, and took a bath while I unfastened the boat and pushed it out into the lake.

When we pushed off from the shore, it flew into the boat, rested in my friend's lap for a while and then made its way to where I sat rowing. The moving oars puzzled it for a moment, but it finally perched upon the top of my hat, and sat there, in spite of the motions I was obliged to make in rowing, until we were nearly a quarter of a mile from the shore. Then, looking at the distant pines, it must have felt a touch of homesickness, for without good-bye to either of us, it raised its little wings and flew back to the great trees, and, we hoped, to its friends.

A strong wind the following day prevented our making a visit to the shore; and when, finally, we were able to return, our little friend could not be found.

"I hope it found its own people," said my friend. "Such a trusting little creature as that deserves the best things that can come to a bird; but even if it.

found its own again, I am a bit disappointed to think it was not here to greet us to-day."

"Yes," said I; "but I am glad we are enough like the wood-folk to be trusted even for one short afternoon."

This bird refused our crumbs, and ate only flies. It walked somewhat like a blackbird, and each feather of its modest brown coat was clearly marked around the edges with a small, dingy white band. Can you guess its name?

source: beginning.—**cultivated fields:** fields that have been planted and cared for.—**balsam:** a refreshing odor that comes from the resin or gum of pine and spruce trees.—**the shadows began to lengthen:** what time of day would it be then?—**fledgling:** young bird.—**dingy:** dirty.

THE BURIED CITIES

In almost every picture of Naples one sees that wonderful volcanic mountain, Vesuvius, rising straight out of the sea. People dare to build their homes on the very sides of this great volcano, which, for all they know, is likely to destroy them at any moment with its rivers of lava and its clouds of ashes.

Volcanic soil is very good for grape growing, and few parts of the world are more thickly settled than the

country around Vesuvius. No very great eruptions have occurred lately, but about eighteen centuries ago two prosperous little cities at the foot of the mountain were entirely destroyed. These cities were called Pompeii and Herculaneum.

Pompeii, especially, was a prosperous and beautiful city, where many people from Rome spent several months each year. Its baths were famous and people from the country around went to Pompeii to rest and enjoy themselves. At the end of every street was a beautiful fountain, and on the marble benches placed near the fountains, one might sit and have a charming view of the sparkling blue sea beyond.

One fine day in August, about eighteen hundred years ago, when the people were going about their work as usual, a column of smoke burst without warning from the overhanging mountain. The smoke rose and spread until it hid the sun and cast a shadow over the earth for many miles. At midday the city was in entire darkness, lighted only by bursts of flame from the terrible volcano.

Soon a thick, scorching shower of ashes and cinders fell. Then came a rain of hot stones, setting the city afire. The earth rocked with repeated shocks; the houses trembled and began to fall; the sea rolled back from the shore; and there were deafening peals of thunder.

The people fled, but in the darkness no one could

tell in which direction to go. The shower of hot rocks and ashes became heavier and the air was filled with choking smoke. Many were struck down and quickly covered by the storm of ashes. Finally a flood of hot, black mud rushed down the mountainside burying everything in its path and completing the destruction of the city.

Those who escaped and returned a few days later found no sign of Pompeii. Only a smoking plain covered with ashes and mud was to be seen.

Nearly seventeen hundred years after, when the world had almost forgotten the fate of Pompeii, an Italian, digging a well in his garden, found himself suddenly in an old dwelling. The government was told of his discovery, and soon the task of uncovering the buried city commenced. But Italy is able to set aside so small a sum each year for the work that at the present rate another half century will be required to unearth the whole of Pompeii.

Visitors may go and look at Pompeii, but they are not allowed to take away anything that is there. With each party there usually go several soldiers whose duty it is to protect what remains of the city.

Passing through an ancient gate the visitor finds himself in one of the Pompeian streets. These streets are so narrow that two chariots could barely have passed between the sidewalks. Large blocks of lava form the well-preserved pavements on which the old

Pompeians walked during the time of Christ; and, raised to a level with the curb, are high stepping stones used in wet weather.



THE EXTERIOR OF A POMPEIAN HOUSE.

The sidewalks are also raised and they are so very narrow that a person about to open a house door from within was obliged to give a shout of warning to the passers by, lest the sudden swinging of the door should knock some one down.

The lower stories of the dwellings are of brick, concrete, or stone, but the upper parts are chiefly made of wood. All the roofs, except one, were either crushed in by the storm of rocks or burned by the hot ashes.

Almost every house in the city was built around a large court in the center of which was a beautiful marble basin containing a fountain. The gardens, made beautiful with flower beds, were surrounded by graceful columns and walls richly decorated with splendid paintings. Among the shrubs were marble images and vases of flowers.

The guide points out one ruin that was a physician's home; another was evidently a merchant's store, for there were found scales for weighing merchandise; a third ruin must have been a jeweler's shop, because it contained rings, gold pins, and bracelets. Close beside a wine-shop stands a bakery, in the ovens of which burned loaves of bread were found.

That Pompeii had a good water supply is clearly shown by its many fountains and the drinking troughs for horses found in the streets. The baths in the houses were heated by hot air pipes, and the water pipes of lead were similar to those which we use to-day.

One theater, which has been uncovered, could hold five thousand persons, and in its aisles were found several numbered seat checks, showing that the ancient system of seating did not differ much from our present method. The stage, the dressing room for the actors, the opening for the curtain, and the place where the musician sat can still be seen.

At the time of the eruption in 79 A.D. an election

was about to be held in Pompeii. Signs with glaring red letters urging the citizens to vote for this or that particular man, were found posted on the walls of houses. Signs of butchers, grocers, and other trades-



THE INTERIOR OF A POMPEIAN HOUSE.

people can still be easily read, and on the wall of one house there is the Greek alphabet rudely scratched by a childish hand.

The other buried city, Herculaneum, was covered by a flood of red hot lava, instead of being covered by layers of stone and black mud. On cooling, the molten lava became solid rock through which it is very difficult to cut. The uncovering of Herculaneum is, therefore,

slow and expensive work, and only a small part of the city has been brought to light.

The houses and decorations are much like those in Pompeii. In both cities hundreds of bronze and marble statues and paintings have been found. These things may be seen in the National Museum of Naples.

In other places are collected things which show us how the people lived—their pots and pans, tools, small furnaces, bath tubs, and money chests, which are still in good condition. One room contains food prepared eighteen hundred years ago. The loaves of bread are shrunken and discolored, but the eggs are as white and natural as when they were boiled over eighteen centuries ago.

—LILLIAN M. WALDO.

vōl-cā'nō: a mountain or hill shaped like a cone, from an opening in the top or side of which, cinders, steam, gases, and melted rock sometimes pour forth.—**Vē-sū'vī-us**: a famous volcano in Italy.—**lā'vā**: the melted rock that pours forth from volcanoes.—**ē-rūp'tion**: a breaking forth, the throwing out of lava, etc., from a volcano.—**Pompeii**: pōm-pā'yē.—**Herculaneum**: hēr-kū-lā'nē-ūm.—**chār'ī-ōt**: a kind of two-wheeled car or carriage that was used in ancient times.—**cōn'crēte**: a mixture of sand and cement used for building.—**troughs** (trōfs): long hollow vessels for holding water.—**mū-sē'um**: a place where a collection of rare or curious things is kept.

A SUDDEN SHOWER

Barefooted boys scud up the street
Or scurry under sheltering sheds;
And school-girl faces, pale and sweet,
Gleam from the shawls about their heads.

Doors bang; and mother-voices call
From alien homes; and rusty gates
Are slammed; and high above it all,
The thunder grim reverberates.

And then, abrupt—the rain! the rain!—
The earth lies gasping; and the eyes
Behind the streaming window-pane
Smile at the trouble of the skies.

The highway smokes; sharp echoes ring;
The cattle bawl and cow-bells clank;
And into town comes galloping
The farmer's horse, with steaming flank.

The swallow dips beneath the eaves
And flirts his plumes and folds his wings;
And under the Catawba leaves
The caterpillar curls and clings.

The bumblebee is pelted down
 The wet stem of the hollyhock;
 And sullenly, in spattered brown,
 The cricket leaps the garden-walk.

Within, the baby claps his hands
 And crows with rapture strange and vague;
 Without, beneath the rose-bush stands
 A dripping rooster on one leg.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

scud: rush along.—**scurry**: hurry.—**alien** (āl'yēn): strange.—**reverberates** (rē-vēr'be-rates): echoes.—**abrupt**: sudden.—**gasp'ing**: panting as if for breath.—**flank**: side.—**Catawba** (kā-tā'bā): a kind of light red grape.—**rap'ture**: joy.—**vague** (vāg): uncertain, unfixed.

HOW THESEUS LIFTED THE STONE

Once upon a time there was a princess in a city of Greece who had one son, named Theseus, who was the bravest lad in all the land. The princess smiled only when she looked at him, for she was sad because her husband had forgotten her, and lived far away.

She used to go up to the mountain above the city to the temple of Poseidon, and sit there all day looking out across the bay and the shore beyond.

When Theseus was fifteen years old, she took him up with her to the temple, and into the thicket of the

grove which grew in the temple yard. And she led him to a tall tree, beneath whose shade grew arbutus and purple heather bushes.

There she sighed, and said, "Theseus, my son, go into that thicket, and you will find at the foot of the tree a great flat stone; lift it, and bring me what lies underneath."

Then Theseus pushed his way in through the thick bushes, and saw that they had not been moved for many a year. Searching among their roots he found a great flat stone, all overgrown with ivy and moss. He tried to lift it, but he could not. He tried till the sweat ran down his brow from heat, and the tears ran from his eyes from shame; but still he could not lift it. At last he came back to his mother, and said, "I have found the stone, but I cannot lift it; nor do I think that any man could in all the city."

Then she sighed, and said, "The gods wait long; but they are just at last. Let it be for another year. The day may come when you will be a stronger man than lives in all the city."

And when a year had passed, she led Theseus up again to the temple, and bade him lift the stone; but he could not.

Then she sighed, and said the same words again, and went down. She came again the next year, but Theseus could not lift the stone then, nor the year after. He longed to ask his mother the meaning of

that stone, and what might lie underneath it; but her face was so sad that he had not the heart to ask.

So he said to himself, "The day will surely come when I shall lift that stone, though no man in the city can."

In order to grow strong Theseus spent all his days in wrestling, and boxing, and taming horses, and hunting the boar and the bull, and chasing goats and deer among the rocks.

At last upon all the mountains there was no hunter so swift as Theseus, and he killed a wild sow, which wasted all the land. Then all the people said, "Surely the gods are with the lad."

And when his eighteenth year was past, his mother led him up again to the temple, and said, "Theseus, lift the stone this day, or never know who you are."

Theseus went into the thicket, and stood over the stone, and tugged at it, and it moved. Then he tugged at it once more, and lifted it, and rolled it over with a shout.

When he looked underneath it he saw on the ground a sword of bronze, with a hilt of glittering gold, and by it a pair of golden sandals. He caught these up, and burst through the bushes like a wild boar, and he leaped to his mother, holding them high above his head.

But when she saw them she wept long in silence, hiding her fair face in her shawl; and Theseus stood by her, wondering, and wept also, he knew not why.

At last she lifted up her head, and laid her finger on her lips, and said, "Hide them in your bosom, Theseus, my son, and come with me where we can look down upon the sea."



Then they went outside the wall, and looked down over the bright blue sea; and the mother said:

"Do you see this land at our feet?"

And he said, "Yes, this is the city where I was born and bred."

And she said, "It is but a little land, barren and rocky. Do you see that land beyond?"

"Yes, that is Attica, where the Athenian people dwell."

"That is a fair land and large, Theseus, my son; a land of olive oil and honey, the joy of gods and men. For the gods have surrounded it with mountains, whose

veins are of pure silver, and their bones of marble as white as snow. There the hills are sweet with thyme and the meadows with violet, and the nightingales sing all day in the thickets. There are twelve towns well peopled, the homes of an ancient race. What would you do, son Theseus, if you were made king of such a land?"

Then Theseus stood astonished, as he looked across the broad bright sea, and saw the fair shore of Attica, and all the mountain peaks which are round about Athens.

His heart grew great within him, and he said, "If I were king of such a land, I would rule it wisely and well in wisdom and in might, that when I died all men might weep over my tomb and cry, 'Alas for the shepherd of his people!'"

And his mother smiled and said, "Take, then, the sword and the sandals, and go to your father, Ægeus, King of Athens, and say to him, 'The stone is lifted.' Then show him the sword and the sandals, and take what the gods shall send."

But Theseus wept and said, "Shall I leave you, O, my mother?"

But she answered, "Weep not for me. That which is fated must be. Full of sorrow was my youth, and full of sorrow my womanhood. Beyond I see still new sorrows; but I can bear them as I have borne the past."

Then she kissed Theseus, and wept over him; and went into the temple, and Theseus saw her no more.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY (*Adapted*).

Theseus: thē'sūs.—**Poseidon** (pō-sī'don): the god of the sea, sometime also called Neptune.—**thick'et:** a number of trees or shrubs set close together.—**bred:** trained, educated.—**Attica** (ăt'ī-kă): the name of a part of Greece.—**Athenian** (ă-thē'nī-an): an inhabitant of the city of Athens.—**thyme** (tīm): a kind of herb.—**night'ingale:** a small brown song bird which sings very sweetly, usually at night.—**Egeus:** ē'jūs.

HOW THESEUS SLEW THE DEVOURERS OF MEN

Theseus stood alone before the temple with his mind full of many hopes. First he thought of going down to the harbor and hiring a swift ship and sailing across the bay to Athens. But that seemed too slow for him, and he longed for wings to fly across the sea and find his father. Then, after a while, his heart began to fail him; and he sighed, and said to himself:

“What if my father will not receive me? And what have I done that he should receive me? He has forgotten me ever since I was born; why should he welcome me now?”

Then he thought a long while sadly; and at last he cried aloud: “Yes! I will make him love me; for I will prove myself worthy of his love. I will win

honor and renown, and do such deeds that Ægeus shall be proud of me. I will go by land, and into the mountains. Perhaps there I may hear of adventures, and do something which will win my father's love."

So he went by land, and away into the mountains, with his father's sword upon his thigh. And he went into a gloomy glen, where he met and slew a powerful man, who fought with a mighty club of bronze.

Then Theseus took up the club and went on till he met a cruel robber, whom men called "the pine-bender"; for he bent down two pine trees and bound all travelers hand and foot between them, and when he let the trees go again, their bodies were torn apart. The two fought together till Theseus struck the pine-bender a mighty blow with the bronze club, and ended him.

Theseus went on over the hills and along the cliffs till he saw another robber, who made all travelers wash his feet, and while they were washing them, he kicked them over the cliffs. Theseus rushed upon him and threw him over the cliffs into the sea.

Then he went a long day's journey, and came to a city which was ruled by a cruel king, who challenged every comer to wrestle with him; for he was the best wrestler in all the land and overthrew all who came. Those whom he overthrew he murdered, and his palace courtyard was full of their bones.

But Theseus went up boldly and challenged the king

to wrestle with him, and sharp was the battle in the courtyard. But at last Theseus lifted the cruel king from the ground and pitched him over his shoulder. And the king said no word, for his heart was burst with the fall.

The next morning Theseus rid the country of another monster called "the stretcher." With pleasant words this robber invited strangers to his house and killed them on a famous bed. Whatsoever the stature of his guest, however tall or short, that bed fitted him to a hair. For, if a man were too short, the robber stretched his limbs till they were long enough, and if he were too tall for the bed, he chopped off his limbs till they were short enough.

Theseus continued on his way, while all the people blessed him; for his fame had gone before him, and everyone knew of his mighty deeds. And all cried, "Here comes the hero, who slew the pinebender and conquered the cruel king in wrestling, and who slew the pitiless stretcher." But Theseus went on his way, for he longed to see his father.

So he went straight into Ægeus' palace, and when he saw his father, his heart leaped into his mouth, and he longed to fall on his neck and greet him. But he controlled himself, and said:

"My father may not wish for me, after all. I will try him before I discover myself." He bowed low before Ægeus, and said, "I have delivered the king's

land from many monsters, therefore I am come to ask a reward of the king."

And old Ægeus looked on him and loved him. But he only sighed, and said: "It is little that I can give



you, noble lad, and nothing worthy of you; for surely you are no mortal man, or at least no mortal's son."

And Theseus came close to Ægeus, and drew from his bosom the sword and the sandals, and said the words which his mother had bidden him.

And Ægeus stepped back a pace, and looked at the lad till his eyes grew dim; and then he cast himself on his neck and wept, and Theseus wept on his neck, till they had no strength left to weep more.

Then Ægeus turned to all the people, and cried, "Behold my son, a better man than his father was before him."

Theseus stayed with his father all winter. When the spring drew near, he saw that all the Athenians grew sad and silent, and he asked the reason; but no one would answer him a word.

Then he went to his father, and asked him; but Ægeus turned away his face and wept.

“Do not ask, my son, beforehand, about evils which must happen; it is enough to have to face them when they come.”

When the spring came, a herald came to Athens and stood in the market and cried, “O people and King of Athens, where is your yearly tribute?”

Then a great lamentation arose throughout the city. But Theseus went up to the herald and cried, “And who are you, who demand tribute here?”

And the herald answered proudly, “Fair youth, I do the bidding of my master, Minos, the king of hundred-citied Crete, the wisest of all kings on earth. You must surely be a stranger here, or you would know why I come, and that I come by right.”

“I am a stranger here. Tell me why you come.”

“To fetch the tribute which King Ægeus promised to Minos. Minos conquered all the land, when he came hither with a great fleet of ships, enraged about the murder of his son. For his son came hither to the games, and overcame all the Greeks in the sports, so that the people honored him as a hero. But he was slain, no man knows how or where.

"So Minos came hither to avenge him, and would not depart till this land had promised him tribute, seven youths and seven maidens every year, who go with me in a black-sailed ship, till they come to the island of Crete."

Theseus hastened to his father and asked him if these words were true, but Ægeus turned away his head and wept, and said, "Blood was shed in the land unjustly, and by blood it is avenged. Break not my heart with questions, my son; it is enough to endure in silence."

Then Theseus groaned inwardly, and said, "I will go myself with these youths and maidens, and kill Minos upon his royal throne."

But Ægeus cried, "You shall not go, to die horribly, as those youths and maidens die; for Minos thrusts them into a labyrinth from which there is no escape. There they meet the Minotaur, the monster who feeds upon the flesh of men. They never see this land again."

Then Theseus grew red, and his ears tingled, and his heart beat loud in his bosom, and at last he spoke and said:

"Therefore all the more I will go with them, and slay the beast. Have I not slain all evil-doers and monsters, that I might free this land? This Minotaur shall go the road which they have gone, and Minos himself, if he dare stop me."

"But how will you slay him, my son? For you must leave your club and your armor behind, and be cast to the monster, defenceless and naked like the rest."

And Theseus said, "Are there no stones in that labyrinth, and have I not fists and teeth?"

Then Ægeus clung to his knees; but Theseus would not hear. At last the king, weeping bitterly, let him go.

Theseus went out to the market place where the herald stood, while they drew lots for the youths and maidens who were to sail on that sad journey. And the people stood wailing and weeping, as the lot fell on this one and on that; but Theseus strode into the midst, and cried:

"Here is a youth who needs no lot. I myself will be one of the seven."

And the herald asked in wonder, "Fair youth, know you whither you are going?"

And Theseus said, "I know. Let us go down to the black-sailed ship."

So they went down to the black-sailed ship, seven maidens and seven youths, and Theseus before them all, and the people followed them lamenting. But Theseus whispered to his companions:

"Have hope, for the monster can be slain. Where are the pine-bender, the stretcher, and the wrestler, and all others whom I have slain?"

Then their hearts were comforted a little: but they wept as they went on board, and the cliffs rang, and all the isles of the sea, with the voice of their lamentation as they sailed on toward Crete.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY (*Adapted*).

renown': fame, praise.—**glen**: a narrow valley.—**lăməntă'tion**: the act of weeping and wailing to show sorrow.—**Minos**: mī'nōs.—**Crete** (crēt): an island southeast of Greece.—**ēnrāged'**: very angry.—**avēnge'**: to inflict pain upon an evildoer in payment for, or punishment of, pain inflicted by him.—**labyrinth** (lăb'Y-rinth): a place full of winding passageways.—**Minotaur** (mīn'ō-tar): a monster with the body of a man and the head of a bull.

HOW THESEUS SLEW THE MINOTAUR

At last they came to Crete, and to the palace of Minos the great king, who was the wisest of all mortal kings. His ships were as many as the sea gulls, and his palace like a marble hill.

Theseus stood before Minos, and they looked each other in the face. And Minos commanded that the band of youths and maidens be taken to prison, and cast to the monster one by one.

Then Theseus cried: "A boon, O Minos. Let me be thrown first to the beast. For I came thither for that very purpose, of my own will, and not by lot."

"Who art thou, then, brave youth?"

"I am the son of him whom of all men thou hatest most, Ægeus the king of Athens.

And Minos thought a while, looking straight at Theseus, and he thought, "The lad means to pay by his own death for his father's sin"; and he answered at last mildly:

"Go back in peace, my son. It is a pity that one so brave should die."

But Theseus said, "I have sworn that I will not go back till I have seen the monster face to face."

At that Minos frowned, and said, "Then thou shalt see him. Take the madman away."

And they led Theseus away into the prison, with the other youths and maids.

But Ariadne, Minos' daughter, saw him, as she came out of her white stone dancing hall; and she loved him for his courage and his majesty, and said, "Shame that such a youth should die!" And by night she went down to the prison and said to him:

"Flee down to your ship at once, for I have bribed the guards before the door. Flee, you and all your friends, and go back in peace to Greece and take me with you! I dare not stay in Crete after you are gone; for my father will kill me if he knows what I have done."

And Theseus stood silent a while, for he was astonished by her beauty; but at last he said, "I cannot go home in peace, till I have seen and slain this Minotaur,

and avenged the deaths of the youths and maidens, and put an end to the terrors of my land."

"And will you kill the Minotaur? How, then?"

"I know not, nor do I care; but he must be strong if he be too strong for me."

Then she said, "But when you have killed him, how will you find your way out of the labyrinth?"

"I know not, neither do I care; but it must be a strange road if I do not find it out before I have eaten up the monster's carcass."

Then she cried, "Fair youth, you are too bold; but I can help you, weak as I am. I will give you a sword, and with that, perhaps, you may slay the beast; and a clue of thread, and by that, perhaps, you may find your way out again. Only promise me that if you escape safe you will take me home with you to Greece, for my father will surely kill me if he knows what I have done."

Theseus took the sword and hid it in his bosom, and rolled up the clue in his hand, and promised Ariadne to take her with him if he escaped safe.

When the evening came, the guards came in and led him away to the labyrinth.

Then he went down into that dreadful place through winding paths among the rocks, and over heaps of fallen stone. And he turned on the left hand, and on the right hand and went up and down, till his head was dizzy; but all the while he held his clue. For when

he went in he had fastened it to a stone, and left it to unroll out of his hand as he went on; and it lasted him till he met the Minotaur, in a narrow chasm between black cliffs.

When he saw him he stopped a while, for he had never seen so strange a beast. His body was a man's, but his head was the head of a bull, and his teeth the teeth of a lion, and with them he tore his prey. When he saw Theseus he roared, and put his head down, and rushed at him.

But Theseus stepped aside quickly, and as the monster passed by, he cut him in the knee. Then before he could turn in the narrow path, Theseus followed him, and stabbed again and again from behind, till the monster fled, bellowing wildly. And Theseus followed him at full speed, holding the clue of thread in his left hand.

Then on, through cavern, and up rough glens, and to the edge of the eternal snow, went the hunter and the hunted, while the hills echoed the monster's bellow.

At last Theseus came up with him, where he lay panting on the snow, and he caught him by the horns, and forced him back, and drove the keen sword through his throat.

Then Theseus turned, and went back limping and weary, feeling his way down by the clue of thread, till he came to the mouth of the labyrinth; and saw waiting for him, whom but Ariadne!

And he whispered, "It is done!" and showed her the sword. She laid her finger on her lips, and led him to the prison, and opened the doors, and set all the



prisoners free, while the guards lay sleeping heavily, for she had silenced them with wine.

Then they fled to their ship together, and leaped on board, and raised up the sail. The night lay dark around them, so that they passed through Minos' ships, and escaped all safe to Naxos, and there Ariadne became Theseus' wife.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY (*Adapted*).

boon: a favor.—**Ariadne**: ăr-ĭ-ăd'nē.—**bribed**: gave presents in return for a promise to do something.—**car'cass**: a dead body.—**clue of thread**: a ball of thread.—**cav'erns**: large, deep, hollow places in the earth.—**chasm** (kăs'm): a deep opening in the earth.—**Naxos** (năk'sos): an island east of Athens.

VOCABULARY

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

The following guide to pronunciation is based upon that given in Webster's International Dictionary. Silent letters are shown by italics.

ā as in lāte	ē as in ěnd	ō as in lōrd	ȳ as in flȳ
ā " " delicate	ē " " fĕrn	ō " " nōt	ȳ " " citȳ
â " " câre	ēē " " feēt	o " " mōve	oi " " toil
ă " " făt	i " " time	oo " " fōod	oy " " boy
ă " " făr	ī " " idea	oo " " fōot	ou " " out
á " " ásk	ī " " pín	ū " " ūse	
â " " fáll	ī " " sīr	ū " " ūnite	
ạ " " whạt	ī " " machīne	ų " " rųde	
ē " " ěve		ų " " fųll	
ĕ " " ĕvent	ō " " tōld	ũ " " cŭp	
ê " " thêre	ô " " ôbey	û " " tŭrn	
c as in can	n (= ng) as in inċ	wh (= hw) as in when	
ç " " çent	ph " " Philadelphia	x " " vex	
ch " " chair	s " " sing	ẏ (= gz) " " exact	
eh " " ehorus	ş " " haş	tion = shun	
g " " go	th " " thing	sion = shun	
ğ (= j) " " aġe	th " " then	şion = zhun	

The words in the following list include all the more difficult words in the lessons of this book, excepting those which may have been listed in the preceding books of the series.

ăb rūpt'	ăd mīt' tanċe	ăl' ien
ăc çĕpt'	ăd vâncĕd'	(yen)
ăc cōrd' ĩng	Æ' ġeŭs	ăl' phá bĕt
ăc cŭş' ĩng	(ē)	ă māze' ment
ăc cŭs' tomed	ă fōre' tīme	ăm bi' tious
(n)	Ăf' rī can	(bīsh' ūs)
aç' ĩd	ăġ' ô nŷ	ăm mŭ nī' tion
ăc' ô nīte	ă' ġŭe	ăn' cient
ăd mī rā' tion	aīsleş	(shent)

an' guish

(gwish)

an nounçed'

anx' ious lý

(shus)

à pöl' ò giēs

ap' pē tite

ap' prōached'

ap' prov' ing lý

(oo)

är bü' tūs

är rāy'

är rēst'

à skānce'

ās' pēct

ās pīr' ing

ās sign'

ās sīst' ant

ās sý' rī á

à stīr'

À thē' nī an

Àth' ēng

āt tēn' tion

āt tēn' tīve lý

au' dī ençe

Aus' trī anş

à vēnged'

awe

auk' ward

(wērd)

bē hāv' ior

(yēr)

bē siēge'

bē sought'

(sat)

Bēth' lē hēm

bē times'

be wāre'

blithe' some

(u)

blūb' bēr

bōar

Bōs' ton

(u)

bōth' ēr

brēath' ing-gills

brī' arş

(ē)

brībed

Brōok' lın

bugi' nēss

(n)

býre

Cāl i fōr' nī á

cām' ē rá

Cān' á dá

cān' qēled

cá nqe'

cār' ol ing

(u)

Cá tạ' bá

cāt' ēr pīl lar

(ē)

cāv' ērnş

qēil'ing

qēn' tū rý

qēr' tōln lý

chāl' lēnge

chām' pī on

(u)

chār' cōal

chāş'm

Chi cạ' gō

(she)

chrýs' á lis

chūrl' ish

qī' phēr ing

clūtch' ing

cōax' ing lý

cōl lēct' ēd

colo' nel

(kār)

cōl' ūm

cōm' bāt

cōm mēnd'

cōm mīt' tēd

cōm mō' tion

cōm pān' ion

(yūn)

cōm pō qī' tion

cōn qēit'

cōn dī' tion

cōn dūct' (verb)

cōn' dūct (noun)

cōn fūşed'

cōn fū' şion

cōn' scienc ēş

(shens)

cōn sīd' ēred

con' stā b'leş

(u)

cōn stīlt' ēd

cōn' tēst (noun)

cōn tīn' ū al

cōn' trá rý

cōn trōlled'

cōn vīnged'

cō rō' ná

cōt' tág ērş

coun' tē nançe

coun' tēr pāne

coſurte' sŷ (a bow)

Crête

cro' cūs

crouched

cry' ēl tiēs

cūl' tī vāt ēd

dām' āge

Dān' Ish

dē qēit' ful

dēc ō rā' tionŷ

dē fēnce' lēss

dēl' i cāte

dē lŷ' cious

(ahūs)

dē lŷ' ēr

dē scēnd'

dē spāir' ing

dē strūc' tion

dē tēr' mīned

dē voured'

dī' ā mondŷ

(u)

dī mīn' Ished

dīn' gŷ

dīs ā grēe' ā b'le

dīs āp point' ment

dīs coŷr' āged

dīs guīge'

dīs gūst'

dīs ō bē' dī ençe

dīs ōr' dēr lŷ

dīs plēag' tūre

dīs pōged'

dīs sāt' Is fied

dīs tūrb' ançe

dōdged

draught

(drāft)

drēad' ful lŷ

drow' sī lŷ

dūmb' lŷ

ē clipse'

ē lēc' tion

ēm brāced'

ēm broid' ēr ing

ēm' ēr aldŷ

ēn chānt' ing

ēn qŷr' c'led

ēn dūre'

ēn rīched'

ēn tēr tāined'

ēn' viēd

ēr' rand

ē rūp' tionŷ

Ēs' kī mō

ēs tāte'

ē tēr' nal

ēv' i dent lŷ

ēx āct' lŷ

ēx ē cū' tion

ēx' īlēŷ

ēx Ist' ençe

ēx pēn' sive

ēx pē' rī ençe

ēx pōge'

ēx tēnd' ēd

fām īl i ār' i tŷ

fēē' b'le

fēs' tī val

fē' vēr Ish

fēdġ' līng

fōre' pāwŷ

foun' tāIn

frāg' mentŷ

frā' grānce

fūr' nīshed

gār' rī son

gāuze

gē' nīe

gēs' tūre

gnāshed

gnāwed

Gō lī' ath

gov' ērn ment

(u)

gov' ērn or

(u)

(ē)

grān' deūr

grāt' i tūde

grēn ā diēr'

griēves

gūr' g'le

hāunt

hēath' ēr

hēr' ald

Hēr' cū lā ne ūm

hēr' It āge

Hēz ē kī' āh

hīd' ē ōūs

hōarse' lŷ

hoist' ēd

hōl' lŷ hōck

hōr' rī fied

hōs' pīt al

hös pī tāl' i tŷ

hov' ər ɪŋ
(u)

hū mǎn' i tŷ

hūm' b'le

hūr' ried lŷ

ɪl lu' mɪ nāt ɛd

ɪm ǎg i nǎ' tion

ɪm mē' dɪ ʔte lŷ

ɪm pǎ' tiencie
(shens)ɪm pǎ' tient lŷ
(shent)

ɪm pēr' fēct

ɪm pēr' tɪ nençe

ɪm pōr' tançe

ɪn' çense

ɪn cōm plēte'

ɪn' flū ençe

ɪn' jūred

ɪn quired'

(kw)

ɪn quīr' ɪeŷ

(kw)

ɪn' stant lŷ

ɪn sūlt' (verb)

ɪn' tēr ɛst ɪŋ

ɪn tēr rūpt' ɛd

ɪn vāde'

ɪn vēs' tɪ gāte

ɪn' ward lŷ

(e)

ī sǎ' iǎh

īŷ' rǎ ɛl

jǎck' ǎl

jǎp ǎ nēge'

Jē ru' sǎ lēm

Jēs' sē

kām' ɪkŷ

Kǎ trī' nǎ

kǎy' ǎk

knōll

knōwl' ɛdʒe

Lǎb rǎ dōr'

lǎb' ɔ rɪnth

lām ɛn tā' tion

lǎt' tɪçe

lǎu' rēl

lǎ' vǎ

lēarn' ɛd (adjective)

Lē' nǎ

light' ɛned

liq' uor

(ɪk' ər)

lōb' stēr

lōdʒ' ɪŋ

Lon' don

(u) (u)

lōrd' ɪ nēs

Lou i sɪ ǎ' nǎ

(oo)

lūl' ǎ bŷ

lūx' u rŷ

(lūk' shu)

lŷre

mǎ chīn' ər ɔ

mǎg' i cal

mǎ gɪ' cian

(gɪsh' an)

mǎg nɪf' i çent lŷ

mǎj' ɛs tŷ

mǎn' gēr

mǎn' ũ fǎc' tūre

mǎn' ũ script

mǎr' i nōrŷ

mǎr' vēl

mǎ' son rŷ

mǎs' sive

mǎ tē' rɪ al

mē mō' rɪ al

mēr' chan dɪŷe

mēr' chantŷ

mɪl' lions

(yūŋ)

mɪn' nōw

Mɪ' nōs

Mɪn' ɔ taur

mɪs' chief

mɪŷ' ər ǎ b'le

mɪs fōr' tūne

Mɪss ɪss ɪpp' i

mōn' ǎreh

mōu' ǎs tēr ɔ

mōn' stēr

mōr' talŷ

mosque

(mōsk)

mūr' dēr oūs

mūr' mūred

mūs' cleŷ

mū sē' ũm

mūt' tēr ɪŋ

Nǎ' pleŷ

nǎr rǎ' tion

nēg lēct'

nērv' oūs

nēv ər the lēs

níche
 níght' in gáles
 Nín' é veh
 núí' sançe
 nýmphs

Ō' bí
 ób sërve'
 óc cá' sion
 óm' é lét
 ôr' dí nã rỹ
 ô vër joyed'

pál' létş
 pãn' trỹ
 Pär' Is
 pär tic' ü lar
 (ə)

për suad' éd
 (swād)

pê tí' tion
 Phi lís' tIne
 phỹ si' cian
 (zish' an)

přek' á nIn nỹ

pří' oüs

plëad' éd

plëdged

plight

plough' ing

põ liçe' men

põl' Ished

pome' grãn áte

(u)

Pöm pe' ii

(pā' yē)

põp ü lãr' I tỹ

pôr' çê laIn

pôr' poise

(pūs)

Põ sei' don

(u)

põş şës' sion

põst poned'

pounçed

põv' ër tỹ

pre' cious

(prësh' ūs)

prēm' Is eş

prëp á rã' tionş

prë vãiled'

prë vënt' éd

prí vã' tion

prõ cëed' éd

prõç' ësş

prõ cës' sion

prõ clãimed'

prõ fũ' sion

prõ' grãmme

prõj' ęct (noun)

prõmpt' lý

prõ põşed'

prõs' përed

prõs' pë'r' I tỹ

prõs' pë'r oüs

prõ víd' éd

prõv' Inçe

prõ ví' şionş

pũp' pët

quã drille'

(kw)

quan' tí tỹ

(kwõn)

quays

(këş)

rã' dí ant

rãp' tũre

rãs' cal

rê ál' I tỹ

rê' al ized

rê bël' (verb)

rê çëive'

rê çëss'

rê çit' éd

rêc' ôg nized

rê cõrd' Ing

rê joice'

rël' Ish

rê mãrk' á b'le

rê mĩndş'

rê mqv' al

rê nown'

(ou)

rê pënt' ançe

rëp rê şënt'

rê prõach'

rê quëst'

(kw)

rê quired'

(kw)

rës' cũe

rê şist'

rê şolve'

rê stõre'

rëv' eşş

rê vër' bër átesş

ri' ot

(ü)

rõguesş

rouşed

route

ru' biəg

rūd' dŷ

sá lūt' əd

sán' dalə

Sán Frán çis' cō

sá' tŷrə

sehəme

scowled

(ou)

scrām' b'le

scŷthes

sə ləct' əd

Sən nāh' ər ɪb

sən' tɪ nɛlɔ

sə rēne' lŷ

shɪv' ərəd

shrŭnk' en

shūt' tle

sieve

skew' ərɔ

(ū)

smɪt' tɛn

smoth' ərəd

(u)

səl' ɛmn lŷ

som' ər sɔultɔ

(u)

səurç' ɛg

splɛn' dor

(ə)

stām' mərəd

strāt' ə gŷ

strūt' tɛd

stūt' tɛr ɪŋ

süb mɪt'

süg gəst'

sül' tan

süm' monɛd

(u)

sūs pɛct'

swōōn

tād' pōle

tāl' ɛntɔ

tāp' ɛs trŷ

təl' ɛ phōne

təl' ɛ scōpe

təm' pɛst

tər' rāge

tər' rɪ ər

thə' á tər

Thə' seūs

thiēveɔ

thor' ðugŋ lŷ

(u)

thrɛat' en ɪŋ

thrived

thŭn' dər strɪck

thŷme

tɪ' dɪ nɛss

tɪ' mɪd lŷ

tɪs' sŭe

(tɪsh)

tɪ' t'le

tough

(tʌt)

trāns fig' tured

trāns lāt' əd

trɛat' ment

trib' ūte

trɪck' ərŷ

trɪ' f'le

trɪ ūm' phant lŷ

trouūb' le some

(u)

troughs

(trɔfs)

trŷ' ant

trūdged

tɪn ɛx pɛct' əd lŷ

tɪn prɔ tɛct' əd

vāg' á bönd

vāgue

vān' ɪshɛd

vān' ɪ tŷ

Və sŭ' vɪ ūs

vɪl' laɪŋɔ

vɪz' ier

(yər)

vɔl cān' ɪc

vɔl cā' nō

wər' blɪŋɔ

wəa' rɪ nɛss

weigh' ɪŋ

(wā)

wɪg' wəm

wɪl' dər nɛss

wɪth' ərəd

won' droūs

(u)

wrāth

wrəs' tɪŋɔ

yawned

Yɛn ɛ se' i

(sā' ɛ)

zəal

